THE
Spanish Tragedie:
Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia*: with the pittifull death of olde *Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new additions of the Painters part, and others, as it hath of late been diuers times acted.

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XUM

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghoſt of Andrea, and with him Reuenge.

Ghoſt.

WHen this eternall ſubſtance of my ſoule,
Did liue impriſond in my wanton fleſh;
Each in their function ſeruing others neede,
I was a Courtier in the *Spaniſh* Court:
My name was *Don Andrea*, my diſcent
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre
To gratious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride of all my yeeres,
By duetious ſeruice, and deſeruing loue,
In ſecret I poſſeſt a worthy Dome,
which hight ſweete *Bel-imperia* by name:
But in the harueſt of my ſommer ioyes,
Deathes winter nipt the bloſſoms of my bliſſe,
Forceing diuorce betwixt my loue and me:
For in the late conflict with *Portingale*,
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death made paſſage through my woundes:
When I was ſlaine, my ſoule deſcended ſtraight
To paſſe the flowing ſtreame of *Acheron*
To churliſh *Charon*, onely Boat-man there:
Sayd, that my rites of buriall not performde,
I might not ſit amongſt his paſſengers:
Ere *Sol* had ſlept three nightes in *Thetis* lap,
And ſlakt his ſmoaking Chariot in her floud,
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-marſhals ſonne,
My Funerals and Obſequies were done:
Then was the Ferri-man of Hell content

To passe me ouer to the slimie strond,
That leades to fell *Auernus* ougly waues
There pleasing *Cerberus* with honied speach,
I past the perils of the formost porch,
Not farre from hence amidst ten thousand souls,
Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*:
To whom no sooner gan I make approch,
To craue a pasport for my wandring Ghost,
But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd anddyed in loue.
And for his loue tryed fortune of the Warres.
And by Wars fortune lost both loue and life,
Why then sayd *Eacus*, conuey him hence,
To walke with Loueres in our fields of loue,
And spend the course of euerlasting time,
Vnder greene Mirtle trees and Cypers shades.
No, no, sayd *Rhadamant*, it were not well,
With louing soules, to place a Martialist;
He died in warre, and must to Martiall fields:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achillis* Mermedons to scoure the plaine.
Then *Minos* mildest censor of the three,
Made this deuice to end the difference,
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King:
To doome him as best seemes his Maiestie:
To this effect my pasport straight was drawne,
In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of euer glooming night:
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
Or pennes can write, or mortall hartes can thinke.
Three wayes there were that on the right hand side,
Was ready way vnto the fore saide fields,
Where Louers liue, and bloodie Martialistes:
But either sort containd within his boundes,
The left hand path declining fearefullie,
Was readie dounefall to the deepest hell,

Where

Where bloodie furies shakes their whippes of steele,
And poore *Ixion* turnes an endles wheele:
Where Vzurers are choakt with melting gold,
And Wantons are imbraste with ouglie Snakes,
And Murderers greeue with euerstilling woundes,
And Periurde wightes scalded in boyling lead,
And all foule sins with tormentes ouerwhelmd,
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Elizian* greene;
In middst whereof, there standes a stately towre,
The Wales of Brasse: the Gates of Adamant:
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my pasport humbled on my knee;
Whereat fayre *Proserpine* began to smile,
And begd that onely she might giue me doome.
Pluto was pleasde, and sealde it with a kisse.
Foorthwith *Reuenge* she rounded thee in th'eare,
And bad thee lead me through the gates of Horror:
Where dreames haue passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here,
I wat not how in twinckling of an eye.

Reuenge.

THen know *Andrea*, that thou art arriud,
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Balthazar the Prince of *Portingale*,
Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia*:
Heere sit we downe to see the mysterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

Enter Spanish king, Generall, Castile, Hieronimo.

King.

NOw say Lord Generall, how fares our Campe?

Gen. All well my soueraigne Leige, except some few
That are deceast by fortune of the warre.

King. But what portends thy cheerefull countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in hast?
Speake man, hath fortune giuen vs victory?

Gene. Victorie my Liege, and that with little loſſe.
King. Our *Portingales* will pay vs tribute then.
Gene. Tribute, and wonted Homage therewithall.
King. Then bleſt be heauen, and guider of the heauens,
From whoſe faire influence ſuch iuſtice flowes.
Caſt. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,*
Et conjurata curuato poplite gentes
Succumbunt: recti ſoror eſt victoria iuris.
King. Thankes to my louing brother of *Caſtile*,
But Generall, vnfolde in briefe diſcourſe,
Your forme of Battell, and your Warres ſucceſſe,
That adding all the pleaſure of thy newes
Vnto the height of former happineſſe,
With deeper wage and greater dignitie,
Wee may reward thy bliſfull chiualrie.
Gene. Where *Spaine* and *Portingale* do ioyntly knit
Their frontires, leaning on each others bound:
There met our Armies in their proude aray,
Both furniſh well; both full of hope and feare:
Both menacing a like with daring ſhewes,
Both vaunting ſundry colours of deuice,
Both chearely ſounding trumpets, drummes, and fifes,
Both ray ſing dreadfull clamors to the skie,
That vallies, hilles, and riuers made rebound,
And heauen it ſelfe was frighted with the ſound.
Our Battels both were pitcht in ſquadron forme,
Each corner ſtrongly fenſt with winges of ſhot:
But ere we ioynde and came to puſh of Pike,
I brought a ſquadron of our readieſt ſhot
From out our Reareward, to begin the fight.
They brought an other wing to encounter vs:
Meane while, our Ordinance played on either ſide,
And Captaines ſtroue to haue their valours tride.
Don Pedro their chiefe Horſemens Coronell
Did with his Coronet brauely make attempt,
To breake the order of our Battell-rankes:
But *Don Rogero*, worthy man of Warre,

Marcht

Marcht foorth againſt him with our Muſketiers,
And ſtopt the malice of his fell approch:
While they maintaine hot skirmiſh too and fro,
Both Battailes ioyne, and fall to handie blowes:
Their violent Shot reſembling th'*Oceans* rage,
When roaring loude, and with a ſwelling tyde,
It beates vpon the rampires of huge Rockes,
And gapes to ſwallow neighbour bounding landes:
Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thicke ſtormes of Bullets ran like Winters hayle,
And ſhiuered Launces, darkt the troubled ayre.

Pede pes & cuſpide cuſpis,
Anni ſonant annis, vir petiturque viro.

On euery ſide drop Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie maimde, ſome ſlaine outright:
Heere falles a body ſundered from his head,
There legges and armes lie bleeding on the graſſe,
Mingled with weapons and vnbowed ſteedes,
That ſcattering, ouer ſpred the purple plaine.
In all this turmoyle three long hours and more,
The victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine Battell made ſo great a breach,
That halfe diſmayde the multitude retirde:
But *Balthazar* the Portinggales young Prince,
Brought reſcue and encouragde them to ſtay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was *Andrea* ſlaine,
Braue man at armes, but weake to *Balthazar*,
Yet while the prince inſulting ouer him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts, ſounding to our reproch,
Friendſhip and hardie valour ioynde in one,
Prickt foorth *Horacio* our Knight-marſhals ſonne,
To challenge forth that Prince to ſingle fight:
Not long betweene theſe twaine the fight indurde,
But ſtraight the Prince was beaten from his horſe,
And foreſt to yeelde him priſoner to his foe.

When

When he was taken, all the reſt they fled,
And our Carbines purſued them to the death,
Till *Phœbus* waning to the Weſterne deepe,
Our Trumpeters were charg'd to ſound retreat.
King. Thanks good L. Generall for this good newes,
And for ſome argument of more to come,
Take this and weare it for thy Soueraignes ſake.
Giues him his chaine.
But tell me now, Haſt thou confirmd a peace?
Gen. No peace my leage, but peace condicionall,
That if with homage tribute be well payd,
The fury of your Forces will be ſtayd,
And to this peace the *Vice-roy* hath ſubſcribde.
Giues the K. a paper.
And made a ſolemne vow that during life,
His tribute ſhalbe truely payd to *Spaine.*
King. Theſe words, theſe deeds become thy perſon wel.
But now Knight Marſhall, frolike with the king,
For tis thy ſonne that winnes the battels prize.
Heire. Long may he liue to ſerue my ſoueraigne liege,
And ſoone decay, vnleſſe he ſerue my liege.
A trumpet a farre off.
King. Nor thou nor he ſhall die without reward.
What meanes this warning of this Trumpet ſound?
Gen. This tels me that your Graces men of Warre,
Such as warres fortune hath reſeru'd from death,
Comes marching on towards your royall ſeate,
To ſhew themſelues before your Maieſtie,
For ſo I gaue in charge at my depart,
Whereby demonſtration ſhall appeare,
That all (except three hundred or few more)
Are ſafe returnd, and by their foes inricht.
The Armie enters, Balthazar betweene Lorenzo and Horatio captiue.
King. A gladſome ſight, I long to ſee them heere.
They enter and paſs by.
Was that the war-like prince of *Portingale?*

That

That by our Nephew was in triumph led
Gen. It was my Liege, the Prince of Portinggale.
King. But what was he that on the other side,
Helde him by th'arme as partner of the prize?
Hiero. That was my Sonne my gracious Soueraigne,
Of whom, though from his tender infancie,
My louing thoughtes did neuer hope but well:
He neuer pleasd his fathers eyes till now,
Nor fild my hart with ouer cloying ioyes.
King. Goe let them march once more about these walles,
That staying them, we may conferre and talke
With our braue prisoner, and his double Gaurd.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,
That in our victorie thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exploit. *Enter againe.*
Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale,
The rest march on: but ere they be dismist,
We will bestow on euery Souldier two Duckets,
And on euery Leader ten, that they may know
Our Larges welcomes them.

Exeunt all but Bal. Lor. Hor.

Welcome *Don Balthazar*, welcome Nephew,
And thou *Horatio* thou art welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy fathers hard misdeedes,
In keeping backe the tribute that he owes,
Deserue but euill measure at our handes:
Yet shalt thou know that *Spaine* is honourable.
Balt. The trespasse that my Father made in peace,
Is now contrould by fortune of the Warres:
And Cardes once dealt, it bootes not aske why so.
His Men are slaine, a weakning to his Realme:
His Colours ceazd, a blot vnto his name,
His Sonne distrest, a corsiue to his hart:
These punishments may cleare his late offence.
King. If *Balthazar*, if he obserues this truce,
Our Peace will grow the stronger for these Warres:
Meane while, liue thou as though not in libertie,

Yet from bearing any ſeruile yoake
For in our hearing thy deſartes were great,
And in our ſight thy ſelfe art gracious.
Balt. And I ſhall ſtudie to deſerue this grace.
King. But tell me, for their holding, makes me doubt,
To which of theſe twaine art thou priſoner?
Lor. To me my Liege.
Hor. To me my Soueraigne.
Lor. This hand firſt tooke the Courſer by the raines.
Hor. But firſt my Launce did put him from his Horſe.
Lor. I ceaz'd his weapon and enioyde it firſt.
Hor. But firſt I forſt him lay his weapons downe.
King. Let go his arme vpon our priuiledge.
Let him go.
So worthy Prince, to whether didſt thou yeeld?
Bal. To him in curteſie, to this perforce:
Hee ſpake me faire, this other gaue me ſtrokes:
Hee promiſde life, this other threatned death:
Hee wan my loue, this other conquered mee:
And trueth to ſay, I yeeld my ſelfe to both.
Hiero. But that I know your Grace for iuſt and wiſe,
And might ſeeme partiall in this difference,
Inforſt by nature, and by law of Armes,
My tongue ſhould plead for young *Horatios* right.
He hunted well that was a Lions death,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beard.
King. Content thee Marſhall, thou ſhalt haue no wrong,
And for thy ſake thy ſonne ſhall want no right.
Will both abide the cenſure of my doome?
Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awardes.
Hor. Nor I, although I ſit beſide my right.
King. Then by my iudgement thus your ſtrife ſhall end,
You both deſerue, and both ſhall haue reward.
Nephew, thou tookſt his Weapon and his Horſe,
His Weapons and his Horſe are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didſt force him firſt to yeeld,

His

His ranſome therefore is thy valours fee:
Appoynt the ſumme as you ſhall both agree.
But Nephew, thou ſhalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine eſtate beſt fitteth ſuch a gueſt.
Horatios houſe were ſmall for all his traine:
Yet in regard thy ſubſtaunce paſſeth his,
And that iuſt guerdon may befall deſart,
To him we yeeld the Armour of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?

Bal. Right well my Leige, if this prouiſo were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs companie,
Whom I admire and loue for chiualrie.

King. *Horatio*, leaue him not that loues thee ſo.
Now let vs hence to ſee our Souldiers paide,
And feaſt our priſoner as our friendly gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Vice. Is our Embaſſadour diſpatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two dayes (my Liege) are paſt ſince his depart.

Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then reſt we heere a while in our vnreſt.
And feede our ſorrows with ſome inwarde ſighes,
For deepeſt cares breake neuer into teares.
But wherefore ſit I in Regall throne,
This better fits a wretches endles moane.
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my ſtate deſerues.

Falles to the ground.

I, I, this earth, Image of melancholie,
Seekes him whom fates adiudged to miſerie:
Heere let me lie, now am I at the loweſt.

Qui iacit in terra non habet vnde cadat,
In me conſumpſi vires fortuna nocendo,
Nil ſupereſt vt iam poſſit obeſſe magis.

Yes Fortune may bereaue me of my Crowne:
Heere take it now, let Fortune do her worſt.
She will not rob me of this Sable weede:

O no, ſhe enuies none but pleaſant thinges,
Such is the folly of deſpightfull chaunce.
Fortune is blind, and ſees not my deſartes,
So is ſhe deaſe, and heares not my lamentes:
And could ſhe heare, yet is ſhe wilfull mad,
And therefore will not pittie my diſtreſſe.
Suppoſe that ſhe could pittie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her handes,
Whoſe foote ſtanding on a rowling ſtone,
And minde more mutable then fickle windes?
VVhy wayle I then where's hope of no redreſſe?
O yes, complayning makes my griefe ſeeme leſſe.
My late ambition, hath diſtaind my fayth,
My breach of fayth, occaſion'd bloody warres:
Thoſe bloody warres, hath ſpent my treaſure,
And with my treaſure, my peoples blood,
And with their blood, my ioy & beſt beloued,
My beſt beloued, my ſweete & onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to warre my ſelfe?
The cauſe was mine, I might haue died for both:
My yeeres were mellow, his but young and greene,
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No dought my liege but ſtill the prince ſuruies.

Vice. Suruies, I where?

Alex in Spaine a priſoner by miſchaunce of warre,

Vice. Then they haue ſlaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no lawes that meditate reuenge,

Alex. His ranſomes woorth will ſtay from foule reuenge

Vice. No if he liued, the newes would ſoone be heere.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flie faſter ſtill than good.

Vice. Tell me no more of newes, for he is dead.

Villap. My Soueraine, pardon the Author of ill newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy ſonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine eare is readie to receiue ill newes,
Mine hart growne hard gainſt miſchiefs batterie:

Stand

Stand vp I ſay and tell thy tale at large.
Vil. Then heare the truth which theſe mine eies haue ſeene
When both the Armies were in battell ioyn'd,
Don Balthazar amidſt the thickeſt troupes,
To winne renowne, did wondrous feates of Armes:
Amongſt the reſt, I ſaw him hand to hand
In ſingle fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro* that heere counterfeites,
Vnder the colour of a duetious friende,
Diſcharged his Piſtoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue ſlaine their Generall:
But therewithall *Don Balthazar* fell downe,
And when he fell, then began we to flie:
But had he lyued, the day had ſure been ours.
Alex. O wicked forgerie: O trayterous miſcreant.
Vice. Hold thou thy peace: but now *Villuppo* ſay,
Where then became the carkaſſe of my ſonne?
Villup. I ſaw them drag it to the Spaniſh tentes.
Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue tolde me this:
Thou falſe, vnkind, vnthankfull trayterous beaſt,
Wherein hath *Balthazar* offended thee,
That thou ſhouldſt thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spaniſh gold that bleared ſo thine eyes,
That thou couldſt ſee no part of our deſertes?
Perchaunce becauſe thou art *Terſeras* Lord,
Thou hadſt ſome hope to weare this Diademe.
If firſt my Sonne, and then my ſelfe were ſlaine:
But thy ambitious thought ſhall breake thy necke,
I, this was it that made thee ſpill his blood.
Take the Crowne and put it on againe.
But Ile now weare it till thy blood be ſpilt.
Alex. Vouchſafe (dread Soueraigne) to heare me ſpeake.
Vice. Away with him, his ſight is ſecond hell,
Keepe him till we determine of his death.
If *Balthazar* be dead, he ſhall not liue.
Villuppo follow vs for thy reward.
Villup. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,

Deceiued the King, betrayd mine enimie,
And hope for guerdon of my villanie.

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.

Bel. Signor *Horacio*, this is the place and houre,
Wherein I muſt intreat thee to relate.
The circumſtance of *Don Andreas* death:
Who liuing, was my garlandes ſweeteſt flower,
And in his death, hath buried my delightes.

Hor. For loue of him, and ſeruice to your ſelfe,
I will refuſe this heauie dolefull charge:
Yet teares and ſighes I feare will hinder me.
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,
Your worthy Chauilier amidſt the thickſt,
For glorious cauſe, ſtill ayming at the fayreſt,
Was at the laſt, by young *Don Balthazar*
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,
Their hartes were great, their clamours menacing,
Their ſtrength alike, their ſtrokes both dangerous.
But wrathfull *Nemeſis* that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* prayſe and worth,
Cut ſhort his life, to end his prayſe and worth:
She, ſhe her ſelfe, diſguiſde in Armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proude *Pergamus*)
Brought in freſh ſupply of Halberdiers,
Which pauncht his Horſe, and dingd him to the ground:
Then young *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes diſtreſſe,
Did finiſh what his Halberdiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then (though too late) incenſt with iuſt remorce,
I with my band ſet foorth againſt the Prince,
And brought him priſoner from his Halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadſt ſlaine him that ſo ſlew my loue.
But then was *Don Andreas* carkaſſe loſt?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly ſtroue,
Nor ſtept I backe till I recouered him:
I tooke him vp, and wound him in my armes,

And

And wilding him vnto my priuate tent,
There laide him downe, and deawde him with my teares,
And ſighed and ſorrowed as became a friend:
But neither friendly ſorrowes, ſighes, nor teares,
Could win pale death from his vſurped right:
Yet this I did, and leſſe I could not do:
I ſaw him honoured with due funerall.
This Scarfe pluckt off from his liueles arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my friend.

Bel. I know the Scarfe, would he had kept it ſtill.
For had he liued he would haue kept it ſtill,
And worne it for his *Bel-imperias* ſake:
For twas my fauour at his laſt depart,
But now weare it both for him and me,
For after him thou haſt deſeru'd it beſt:
But for thy kindnes in his life and death,
Be ſure while *Bel-imperias* life endures,
She will be *Don Horatios* thankfull friend.

Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not ſlacke,
Humbly to ſerue faire *Bel-imperia.*
But now if your good liking ſtand thereto,
Ile craue your pardon to go ſeeke the Prince,
For ſo the Duke your father gaue me charge.

Bel. I, go *Horatio*, leaue me heere alone,
For ſolitude beſt fits my cheereles moode:
Yet what auailes to wayle *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* prooues my ſecond loue?
Had he not loued *Andrea* as he did,
He could not ſit in *Bel-imperias* thoughtes.
But how can loue finde harbour in my breſt,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued.
Yes, ſecond loue ſhall further my reuenge.
Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend
The more to ſpight the Prince that wrought his end.
And where *Don Balthazar* that ſlew my loue,
Himſelfe now pleades for fauour at my handes,
He ſhall in rigour of my iuſt diſdaine,

Reape

Reape long repentance of his murderous deedes
For what waſt elſe but murderous cowardiſe,
So many to oppreſſe one valiant Knight,
Whithout reſpect of honour in the fight?
And here he comes that murdred my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Siſter, what meanes this melancholy walke?
Bel. That for a while I wiſh no companie.
Lor. But heere the Prince is come to viſite you.
Bel. That argues that he liues in libertie.
Balt. No Madame, but in pleaſing ſeruitude.
Bel. Your priſon then belike is your conceite.
Balt. I, by conceite my freedome is enthralde.
Bel. Then with conceite enlarge your ſelfe againe.
Balt. What if conceite haue layde my hart to gage?
Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recouer it.
Balt. I die if it returne from whence it lies.
Bel. A hartles man and liues? A miracle.
Balt. I Lady, loue can worke ſuch miracles.
Lor. Tuſh, tuſh, my Lord, let go theſe ambages,
And in plaine tearmes acquaint her with your loue.
Bel. What bootes complaint, when there's no remedie,
Bal. Yes to your Gracious ſelfe muſt I complaine,
In whoſe faire anſwere lyes my remedie.
On whoſe perfection all my thoughts attende,
On whoſe aſpect mine eyes finde beauties bowre,
In whoſe tranſlucent breaſtes my hart is lodgde.
Bel. Alas my Lord, theſe are but words of courſe,
And but deuiſde to driue me from this place.

She going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio *comming out, takes vp.*

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.
Bel. Thankes good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.
Bal. Signior *Horatio* ſtoopt in happy time.
Hor. I reapt more grace then I deſeru'd or hop'd.
Lor. My Lord be not diſmayde for what is paſt,
You know that women oft are humerous:

Theſe

Theſe cloudes will ouerblow with litle winde,
Let me alone, Ile ſcatter them my ſelfe:
Meane while, let vs deuiſe to ſpend the time
In ſome delightfull ſportes and reuelling.
Hor. The King, my Lord, is comming hither ſtraight,
To ſealt the *Portingale* Embaſſadour,
Things were in readines before I came.
Balt. Then heere it fits vs to attende the King,
To welcome hither our Embaſſadour,
And learne my Father and my Countries healſth.
Enter the banquet, trumpets, the King, and Embaſſadour.
King. See Lord Embaſſadour, how *Spaine* entreates
Their priſoner *Balthazar*, thy Vicetoyes ſonne:
Wee pleaſure more in kindnes then in warres.
Embaſſ. Sad is our King, and *Portingale* lamentes,
Suppoſing that *Don Balthazar* is ſlaine.
Balt. So am I ſlaine by beauties tirannie:
You ſee, my Lord, how *Balthazar* is ſlaine,
I frolike with the Duke of *Caſtiles* ſonne,
Wrapt euerie houre in pleaſures of the Court,
And grac'd with fauours of his Maieſtie.
King. Put off your greetinges till our feaſt be done,
Now come and ſit with vs, and taſte our cheare.
Sit to the banquet.
Sit downe young Prince, you are our ſecond gueſt,
Brother ſit downe, and Nephew take your place:
Signior *Horatio* waite thou vpon our Cup,
For well thou haſt deſerued to be honored.
Now Lordings fall too, *Spaine* is *Portingale*,
And *Portingale* is *Spaine*; we both are friendes,
Tribute is paide, and we enioy our right,
But where is old *Hieronimo* our Marſhall?
He promiſed vs in honour of our gueſt,
To grace our Banquet with ſome pompous ieſt.

Enter Hieronimo *with a Drum, three Knights, each his Scutchin: then he fetches three Kings, they take their Crownes and them captiue.*

Hieronimo, this Maske contentes my eyes,
Although I sound not well the mysterie.
Viero. The first armd Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He takes the Scutchin and giues it to the King.
Was English *Robert* Earle of Gloster,
Who when King *Stephen* bore sway in *Albion*,
Arriued with fiue and twentie thousand men
In *Portingale*, and by successe of warre,
Enforced the King (then but a *Sarasin*)
To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie.
King. My Lord of *Portingale*, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your King and you,
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse:
But say *Hieronimo*, what was the next?
Viero. The second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,
He doth as he did before.
Was *Edmond* Earle of Kent in *Albion*,
When English *Richard* wore the Diadem:
He came likewise and razed *Lisbon* walles,
And tooke the King of *Portingale* in fight:
For which, and other such like seruice done,
He after was created Duke of Yorke.
King. This is an other speciall argument,
That *Portingale* may deine to beare our yoake:
When it by little *England* hath been yoakt:
But now *Hieronimo*, what were the last?
Viero. The third and last, not least in our account,
Doing as before.
Was (as the rest) a vallant *English-man*,
Braue *Iohn of Gaunt* the Duke of *Lancaster*,
As by his Scutchin plainely may appeare:
He with a puissant armie came in *Spaine*,
And tooke our King of *Castile* prisoner.
Embass. This is an argument for our Viceroy,

That

That *Spaine* may not insult for her successe,
Since *English* warriours likewise conquered *Spaine*,
And made them bow their knees to *Albion*.

King. *Hieronimo*, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleasde both the Embassadour and me:
Pledge me *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cup of Horatio.

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer long,
Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in, that you may be dispatcht,
I thinke our Counsell is alreadie set. *Exeunt omnes.*

Andrea. Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To see him feast, that gaue me my deathes wound?
These pleasant sightes are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but league, and loue, and banqueting?

Reuenge.

Be still *Andrea*, ere we go from hence,
Ile turne their friendship into fell despight:
Their loue to mortall hate, their day to night,
Their hope into dispaire, their peace to warre,
Their ioyes to paine, their blisse to miserie.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* seeme thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted ioy:
In time the sauage Bull sustaines the yoake,
In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope to lure,
In time small wedges cleaue the hardest Oake,
In time the Flint is pearst with softest shower,
And she in time, will fall from her disdaine,
And rue the difference of your friendly paine.

Bal. No, ſhe is wilder and more hard withall,
Then beaſt, or bird, or tree, or ſtonie wall.
But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperiaes* name?
It is my fault, not ſhe, that merites blame,
My feature is not to content her ſight,
My wordes are rude, and worke her no delight:
The lines I ſend her are but harſh and ill,
Such as do drop from *Pan* and *Marſias* quill:
My preſentes are not of ſufficient coſt,
And being worthles, all my labour's loſt.
Yet might ſhe loue me for my valiancie:
I, but that's ſlaundered by captiuitie:
Yet might ſhe loue me, to content her ſire:
I, but her reaſon maiſters her deſire:
Yet might ſhe loue me as her brothers friend:
I, but her hopes aime at ſome other end:
Yet might ſhe loue me to vpreare hir ſtate:
I, but perhaps ſhe hopes ſome nobler mate.
Yet might ſhe loue me as her beauteous thrall,
I, but I feare ſhe cannot loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my ſake leaue theſe extaſies,
And doubt not but weele finde ſome remedie,
Some cauſe there is that lets you not beloued:
Firſt, that muſt needes be knowen, and then remoued.
What if my ſiſter loue ſome other Knight?

Bal. My ſommers day will turne to winters night.

Lor. I haue already found a ſtratageme,
To ſound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
My Lord, for once you ſhall be rulde by me,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or ſee.
By force, or faire meanes will I caſt about,
To finde the truth of all this queſtion out.
Ho, *Pedringano.*

Ped. Signior.

Lor. Vien qua preſto.

Enter Pedringano.

Ped. Hath your Lordſhip any ſeruice to command me?

Lor. I,

Lor. I, *Pedringano*, ſeruice of import.
And not to ſpend the time in trifling words.
Thus ſtands the caſe: it is not long thou knoweſt,
Since I did ſheild thee from my fathers wrath,
For thy conueiance in *Andreas* loue:
For which thou wert adiudged to puniſhment,
I ſtood betwixt thee and thy puniſhment:
And ſince, thou knoweſt how I haue fauored thee,
Now, to theſe fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire wordes, but ſtore of golden coyne,
And landes, and liuinges ioynd with dignities,
If thou but ſatisfie my iuſt demaund.
Tell trueth, and haue me for thy laſting friend.

Ped. What ere it be your Lordſhip ſhall demaund,
My bounden duetie bids me tell the trueth:
If caſe it lie in me to tell the trueth.

Lor. Then *Pedringano*, this is my demaund,
Whom loues my ſiſter *Bel-imperia*?
For ſhe repoſeth all her truſt in thee:
Speake man, and gaine both friendſhip and reward:
I meane, whom loues ſhe in *Andreas* place?

Ped. Alas my Lord, ſince *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credite with her as before,
And therefore know not if ſhe loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dallie, then I am thy foe, *Draw his ſword.*
And feare ſhall force what friendſhip cannot winne,
Thy death ſhall burie what thy life conceales:
Thou dieſt, for more eſteeming her then me.

Ped. Oh ſtay, my Lord.

Lor. Yet ſpeake the trueth, and I will guerdon thee,
And ſhield thee from what euer can enſue,
And will conceale what ere proceedes from thee:
But if thou dallie once againe, thou dieſt.

Ped. if Madame *Bel-imperia* be in loue,

Lor. What Villaine, ifs and ands? *Offer to kill him.*

Ped. Oh, ſtay, my Lord: She loues *Horatio.*

Balthazar *ſtarts backe.*

Lor. What *Don Horatio* our Knight-marſhals ſonne?
Ped. Euen him my Lord.
Lor. Now ſay, but how knoweſt thou he is her loue?
And thou ſhalt finde me kinde and liberall:
Stand vp I ſay, and fearles tell the trueth.
Ped. She ſent him letters, which my ſelfe peruſde,
Full fraught with lines and arguments of loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.
Lor. Sweare on this Croſſe that what thou ſayeſt is true,
And that thou wilt conceale what thou haſt tolde.
Ped. I ſweare to both, by him that made vs all.
Lor. In hope thine oath is true, heer's thy reward,
But if I proue thee periurde and vniuſt,
This very ſword whereon thou took'ſt thy oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.
Ped. What I haue ſayd is true, and ſhall for me,
Be ſtill conceald from *Bel-imperia*.
Beſides, your Honors liberalitie,
Deſerues my duteous ſeruice, euen till death.
Lor. Let this be all that thou ſhalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where theſe louers meete,
And giue me notice in ſome ſecret ſort.
Ped. I will my lord.
Lor. Then ſhalt thou finde that I am liberall,
Thou knoweſt that I can more aduance thy ſtate
Then ſhe, be therefore wiſe and fayle me not:
Goe and attend her as thy cuſtome is,
Leaſt abſence make her thinke thou doſt amiſſe.
Exit Pedringano.
Why ſo, *Tam armis quam ingenio.*
Where wordes preuailes not, violence preuailes.
But gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* this ſtratageme?
Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and ſad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my loue:
Sad, that I feare ſhe hates me whom I loue:
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged:

Sad,

Sad, that ſheele flie me if I take reuenge:
Yet muſt I take reuenge, or die my ſelfe,
For loue reſiſted, growes impatient.
I thinke *Horatio* be my deſtinde pledge.
Firſt, in his hand he brandiſhed a ſword:
And with that ſword, he fiercely waged warre,
And in that warre, he gaue me dangerous woundes,
And by thoſe woundes, he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding, I became his ſlaue.
Now in his mouth he caries pleaſing wordes,
Which pleaſing wordes doe harbour ſweete conceites,
Which ſweete conceites, are limbde with ſlie deceites,
Which ſlie deceites, ſmoth *Bel-imperias* eares:
And through her eares, diue downe into her hart,
And in her hart, ſet him where I ſhould ſtand:
Thus hath he tane my body by his force,
And now by ſleight would captiuate my ſoule:
But in his fall, Ile tempt the Deſtenies,
And either loſe my life, or winne my loue.

Lor. Lets go my Lord, your ſtaying ſtayes reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your loue.
Her fauour muſt be wonne by his remooue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio *and* Bel-imperia.

Hor. Now Madame, ſince by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden ſmoake is turned to open flame:
And that with lookes and wordes we feed our thoughts:
Two chiefe contents, where more can not be had.
Thus in the midſt of loue faire blandiſhmentes,
Why ſhew you ſigne of inward languiſhments.

Pedringano ſheweth all to the Prince, and Lorenzo, placing them in ſecret.

Bel. My hart, ſweete friend, is like a Ship at Sea,
She wiſheth port, where riding all at eaſe,
She may repaire what ſtormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the ſhore, may ſing with ioy,
That pleaſure follow paine, and bliſſe annoy.

Poſſeſſion

Poſſeſsion of thy loue is th'onely port,
Wherein my hart with feares and hopes long toſt,
Each houre doth wiſh and long to make reſort,
Thereon repayre the ioyes that it hath loſt:
And ſitting ſafe to ſing in *Cupids* Quire,
That ſweeteſt bliſſe is crowne of loues deſire.

Balthazar *aboue.*

Bal. O,ſleepe,mine eyes: ſee not my loue prophande.
Be deafe my eares,heare not my diſcontent.
Die hart,another ioyes what thou deſerueſt.
Lor. Watch ſtill mine eyes, to ſee the loue disioynd:
Heare ſtill mine eares,to heare them both lament:
Leaue hart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.
Bel. Why ſtandes *Horatio* ſpeechles all this while?
Hor. The leſſe I ſpeake, the more I meditate.
Bel. But whereon doeſt thou chiefly meditate?
Hor. On dangers paſt, and pleaſures to enſue.
Bal. On pleaſures paſt, and dangers to enſue.
Bel. What dangers,and what pleaſures doſt thou meane?
Hor. Dangers of warre, and pleaſures of our loue.
Lor. Dangers of death, but pleaſures none at all.
Bel. Let dangers go,thy warre ſhall be with me:
But ſuch a warring as breakes no bond of peace.
Speake thou faire wordes,Ile croſſe them with faire wordes,
Send thou ſweete lookes,Ile meete them with ſweete looks:
Write louing lines, Ile anſwere louing lines:
Giue me a kiſſe, Ile counterchecke thy kiſſe:
Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre.
Hor. But gracious Madame,then appoynt the fielde,
Where tryall of this warre ſhall firſt be made.
Bal. Ambitious villaine,how his boldnes growes?
Bel. Then by thy fathers pleaſant bowe: the field
Where firſt we vowde our mutuall amitie:
The Court were dangerous,that place is ſafe:
Our houre ſhall be when *Veſper* gins to riſe,
That ſummons home diſtreſsfull trauellers:
There none ſhall heare vs but the harmeleſſe birdes?

Happely

Happely the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs aſleepe ere we be ware:
And ſinging with the prickle at her breſt,
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance.
Till then each houre will ſeeme a yeere and more.
Hor. But honie ſweete, and honourable loue,
Returne we now into your fathers ſight,
Dangerous ſuſpition waites on our delight.
Lor. I, danger mixt with ielous deſpight,
Shall ſend thy ſoule into eternall night. *Exeunt.*

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embaſſadour, Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of *Caſtile*, to the Princes loue
What ſayes your daughter *Bel-imperia?*
Cip. Although ſhe coy it as becomes her kind,
And yet diſſemble, that ſhe loues the Prince:
I doubt not I, but ſhe will ſtoope in time.
And were ſhe froward, which ſhe will not be,
Yet herein ſhall ſhe follow my aduice:
Which is to loue him, or forgoe my loue.
King. Then Lord Embaſſadour of *Portingale*,
Aduiſe thy King to make this marriage vp,
For ſtrengthning of our late confirmed league.
I know no better meanes to make vs firiends.
Her dowrie ſhall be large and liberall,
Beſides that, ſhe is daughter and halfe heire,
Vnto our brother, here *Don Ciprian*,
And ſhall enioy the moitie of his land,
Ile grace her marriage with an vnckles gift.
And this it is, in caſe the match goe forward,
The tribute which you pay ſhall be releaſt,
And if by *Balthazar* ſhe haue a ſonne,
He ſhall enioy the kingdome after vs,
Embaſſ. Ile make the motion to our Soueraine liege,
And worke it if my counſaile may preuaile.
King. Do ſo, my Lord, and if he giue conſent,
I hope his preſence heere will honour vs,

In celebration of the nuptiall day,
And let himſelfe determine of the time.
Em. Wilt pleaſe your grace to cõmand me ought beſide?
King. Commend me to the King, and ſo fare-well.
But where's Prince *Balthazar*, to take his leaue?
Emb. That is performde already, my good Lord.
King. Amongſt the reſt of what you haue in charge,
The Princes ranſome muſt not be forgot:
Thats none of mine, but his that tooke him priſoner,
And well his forwardnes deſerues reward.
It was *Horatio* our Kight-marſhals ſonne.
Emb. Betweene vs there's a price alreadie pitcht,
And ſhall be ſent with all conuenient ſpeed.
King. Then once, fare-well, my Lord.
Emb. Fare-well my Lord of *Caſtile*, and the reſt. *Exit.*
King. Now brother, you muſt take ſome little paine,
To winne faire *Bel-imperia* from her will:
Young Virgins muſt be ruled by their friendes:
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well:
If ſhe neglect him, and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne eſtate and ours.
Therefore whiles I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greateſt pleaſures that our Court affordes,
Endeuour you to winne your daughters thought,
If ſhe giue backe, all this will come to naught. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with ſable winges
To ouer-cloud the brightnes of the Sunne,
And that in darknes pleaſures may be donet
Come *Bel-imperia*, let vs to the Bower,
And there in ſafetie paſſe a pleaſant hower.
Bel. I follow thee my loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting hart controules my ſoule.
Hor. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringanos* fayth?
Bel. No, he is as truſtie as my ſecond ſelfe.
Goe *Pedringano*, watch without the gate,
And let vs know if any make reproch.

Ped.

Ped. In ſtead of watching, Ile deſerue more gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Ped.*

Hor. What meanes my loue?

Bel. I know not what my ſelfe:
And yet my hart foretels me ſome miſchaunce.

Hor. Sweete ſay not ſo: faire Fortune is our friend,
And heauens haue ſhut vp day to pleaſure vs:
The ſtarres thou ſeeſt hold backe their twinckling ſhine,
And *Luna* hides her ſelfe to pleaſure vs.

Bel. Thou haſt preuailde, Ile conquer my miſdoubts
And in thy loue and counſell drowne my feare:
I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts.
Why ſit we not, for pleaſure asketh eaſe.

Hor. The more thou ſitſt within theſe leauie bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her flowers.

Bel. I, but if *Flora* ſpie *Horatio* heere,
Her ielous eye, will thinke I ſit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madame how the Birdes record by night,
For ioy that *Bel-imperia* ſits in ſight.

Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeites the Nightingale,
To frame ſweete muſicke to *Horatios* tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* ſing, then *Venus* is not farre:
I, thou art *Venus*, or ſome fairer ſtarre.

Bel. If I be *Venus*, thou muſt needes be *Mars*,
And where *Mars* raigneth, there muſt needes be warre.

Hor. Then thus begin our warres, put foorth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set foorth thy foote to try the puſh of mine,

Hor. But firſt my lookes ſhall combat againſt thine.

Bel. Then ward thy ſelfe, I dart this kiſſe at thee.

Hor. Thus I returne the dart thou threwſt at me,

Bel. Nay, then to gaine the glorie of the fielde,
My twyning armes ſhall yoke and make thee yeelde.

Hor. Nay, then my armes are large and ſtrong withall:
Thus Elmes by Vines are compaſt till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now mayeſt thou read that life in paſſion dyes.

Hor. O ſtay a while, and I will die with thee,
So ſhalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered mee.
Bel. Who's there, *Pedringano?* we are betrayde.
Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano diſguiſed.
Lor. My Lord, away with her. *Take her aſide.*
O ſir forbeare, your valour is alreadie tride.
Quickly diſpatch my maiſters. *They hang him in the Arbor.*
Hor. What, will ye murder me?
Lor. I thus, and thus: theſe are the fruites of loue.
They ſtab him.
Bel. O ſaue his life, and let me die for him:
O ſaue him brother, ſaue him *Balthazar:*
I loued *Horatio*, but he loued not me.
Balt. But *Balthazar* loues *Bel-imperia.*
Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the higheſt now he is dead.
Bel. Murder, murder: helpe *Hieronimo* helpe.
Lor. Come, ſtop her mouth: away with her.
Enter Hieronimo in his ſhirt.
Hiero. What out-cry cals me from my naked bed,
And chils my throbbing hart with trembling feare,
Which neuer danger yet could daunt before?
Who calles *Hieronimo?* ſpeake, heere I am.
I did not ſlumber, therefore twas no dreame.
No, no, it was ſome woman cride for helpe,
And heere within the Garden did ſhe crie,
And in this Garden muſt I reſcue her.
But ſtay, what murderous ſpectacle is this?
A man hang'd vp, and all the murderers gone,
And in my Bower, to lay the guile on me.
This place was made for pleaſure, not for death.
He cuts him downe.
Thoſe garments that he weares I oft haue ſeene:
Alas, it is *Horatio* my ſweete ſonne,
O no, but he that whilome was my ſonne.
Oh, was it thou that call'dſt me from my bed.
Oh ſpeake, if any ſparke of life remaine,

I am

I am thy father: who hath ſlaine my ſonne?
What ſauage monſter, not of humane kinde,
Heere hath been glutted with thy harmeles blood,
And left thy bloodie corpes diſhonoured heere,
For me, amidſt this darke and deathfull ſhades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my teares?
Oh heauens, why made you night to couer ſinne?
By day this deed of darkneſſe had not been.
O earth, why didſt thou not in time deuower,
The vile prophaner of this ſacred bower.
O poore *Horatio*, what hadſt thou miſdone,
To leeſe thy life, ere life was new begun?
O wicked Butcher, what ſo ere thou wert.
How could'ſt thou ſtrangle vertue and deſert?
Aye me moſt wretched, that haue loſt my ioy,
In leeſing my *Horatio*, my ſweete boy.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. My husbandes abſence makes my hart to throb.
Hieronimo.

Hier. Heere *Iſabella*, helpe me to lament,
For ſighes are ſtopt, and all my teares are ſpent.

Iſa. What world of griefe? my ſonne *Horatio*,
Oh where's the authour of this endles woe.

Hiero. To know the authour were ſome eaſe of griefe,
For in reuenge, my hart would finde reliefe.

Iſa. Then is he gone? and is my ſonne gone too?
Oh guſh out teares, fountaines and floodes of teares:
Blow ſighes, and raiſe an euerlaſting ſtorme,
For outrage fits our curſed wretchedneſſe.
Aye me *Hieronimo*, ſweete husband ſpeake.

Hiero. He ſupt with vs to night frolicke and merrie,
And ſayd he would go viſit *Balthazar*
At the Dukes Pallace: there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no cuſtome to ſtay out ſo late,
He may be in his chamber; ſome go ſee. *Rodorigo*, Ho.

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Iſa. Aye me, he raues: ſweete *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. True, all *Spaine* takes note of it.
Beſides, he is ſo generally beloued,
His Maieſtie the other day did grace him
With waighting on his cup: theſe be fauours,
Which doe aſſure me he cannot be ſhort liued.
Iſa. Sweete *Hieronimo.*
Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his clothes:
Syrha, ſirha, Ile know the truth of all:
Iaques, runne to the Duke of *Caſtiles* preſently,
And bid my ſonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his mother haue had ſtrange dreames to night.
Doe ye heare me ſir? *Iaques.* I ſir.
Hiero. Well ſir, begon: *Pedro* come hither;
Knoweſt thou who this is?
Ped. Too well ſir.
Hiero. Too well, who? Who is it? Peace *Iſabella*:
Nay bluſh not man.
Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio*,
Hier. Ha, ha, Saint *Iames*; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my ſelfe.
Ped. Deluded?
Hiero. I, I would haue ſworne my ſelfe within this houre,
That this had been my ſonne *Horatio*,
His garments are ſo like: Ha, are they not great perſwaſions?
Iſa. O would to God it were not ſo.
Hier. Were not *Iſabella*, doeſt thou dreame it is?
Can thy ſoft booſome entertaine a thought,
That ſuch a blacke deed of miſchiefe ſhould be done,
On one ſo poore and ſpotles as our ſonne?
Away, I am aſhamed.
Iſa. Deare *Hieronimo*, caſt a more ſerious eye vpō thy griefe
Weake apprehenſion giues but weake beliefe.
Hiero. It was a man ſure that was hanged vp heere,
A youth, as I remember: I cut him downe.
If it ſhould prooue my ſonne now after all,
Say you, ſay you: light, lend me a Taper,
Let me looke againe.

O God,

O God, confuſion, miſchiefe, torment, death, and hell,
Drop all your ſtinges at once in my cold boſome,
That now is ſtiffe with horror; kill me quickly:
Be gratious to me thou infectiue night,
And drop this deed of murder downe on me,
Gird in my waſt of griefe with thy large darkneſſe,
And let me not ſuruiue, to ſee the light
May put me in the minde I had a ſonne.

Iſa. O ſweete *Horatio*, O my deareſt ſonne.

Hiero. How ſtrangely had I loſt my way to griefe.
Sweete louely Roſe, ill pluckt before thy time.
Faire worthy Sonne, not conquered, but betraide:
Ile kiſſe thee now, for wordes with teares are ſtaide.

Iſa. And Ile cloſe vp the glaſſes of his ſight,
For once theſe eyes were onely my delight.

Hier. Seeſt thou this hand-kircher beſmeard with blood,
It ſhall not from me till I take reuenge.
Seeſt thou theſe woundes that yet are bleeding freſh?
Ile not intombe them till I haue reuengde:
Then will I ioy amidſt my diſcontent,
Till then, my ſorrow neuer ſhall be ſpent.

Iſa. The heauens are iuſt, murder cannot be hid,
Time is the authour both of trueth and right,
And time will bring this treacherie to light.

Hier. Meane while, good *Iſabella*, ceaſe thy plaintes,
Or at the leaſt diſſemble them awhile:
So ſhall we ſooner finde the practiſe out,
And learne by whom all this was drought about.
Come *Iſabella*, now let's take him vp, *They take him vp.*
And beare him in, from out this curſed place:
Ile ſay his Dirge, ſinging fits not this caſe.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,
Hiero. ſets his breſt vnto his ſword.
Miſceat & noſtro detur medicina dolori:
Aut ſi qui faciunt animum oblimia ſucco,
Prebeat, ipſe metum magnum quicunque per orbem,
Gramina Sol pulcras effecit in luminis oras,

Ipſe

Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & irraui euecaca menia nectit.
Omnia pertetiar, letum quoque dum semel omnis,
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus:
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo.
Et tua perpetuus sepeliuit lumina somnus,
Emor ira tecum Sic iuua ire sub vmbras,
At tamen ab sistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.

Heere he throwes it from him, and beares the body away,

Andrea.

Brought'st thou me hither to encrease my paine?
I lookt that *Balthasar* should haue been slaine:
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine,
And they abuse faire *Bel-imperia*,
On whom I dooted more then all the world,
Because she loued me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkest of haruest when the corne is greene,
The end is growne of euery worke well done:
The Sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauie case.

ACTVS TERCIVS.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Vice. INfortunate condition of Kinges,
Seated amidst so many helples doubts:
First, we are plast vpon extreamest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate:
But ener subiect to the wheele of chaunce,
And at our highest, neuer ioy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So strineth not the waues with sundry windes,

As

As Fortune toyleth in the affaires of Kinges,
That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare or loue to Kinges is flatterie:
For instance, Lordinges looke vpon your King,
By hate depriued of his deerest sonne,
The onely hope of our succeeding line,
Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* hart,
Had beene invenomde with such extreame hate,
But now I see that wordes haue seuerall workes,
And there's no credite in the countenaunce.
Vill. No, for my Lord, had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe consorted *Balthazar*
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourely coastes the centre of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.
Vice. No more *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy wordes thou slayest our wounded thoughts.
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the traitour foorth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter Alexandro, with a noble man, and Halberts.

Nob. In such extreames, will nought but patience serue,
Alex. But in extreames, what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontentes it me to leaue the world,
With whom there nothing can preuaile but wrong.
Nob. Yet hope the best.
Alex. Tis heauen is my hope,
As for the earth, it is too much infect,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.
Vice. Why linger yee? bring foorth that daring friend,
And let him die for his accursed deede.
Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
(For Nobles cannot stoope to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue,

For this, O this torments my labouring ſoule,
That thus I die ſuſpected of a ſinne,
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my ſecret thoughts,
So am I free from this ſuggeſtion.
Vice. No more I ſay; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in thoſe flames.
They binde him to the ſtake.
That ſhall prefigure thoſe vnquenched fiers
Of *Pehgon*, prepared for his ſoule.
Alex. My guiltleſſe death will be auengde on thee,
On thee *Villuppo*, that hath maliſde thus,
Or for thy meede, haſt falſely me accuſde,
Villup. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,
Ile lende a hand to ſend thee to the lake
Where thoſe thy words ſhall periſh with thy workes:
Iniurious traytour, monſtrous homicide.
Enter Embaſſadour.
Stay, hold a while, and heere with pardon of his Maieſtie,
Lay handes vpon *Villuppo*. (trance?
Vice. Embaſſadour, what newes hath vrg'd this ſodaine en-
Embaſ. Know Soueraine I, that *Balthazar* doth liue,
Vice. What ſayeſt thou? liueth *Balthazar* our ſonne?
Embaſ. Your Highneſſe ſonne L. *Balthazar* doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of *Spaine*:
Humbly commendes him to your Maieſtie;
Theſe eyes behelde, and theſe my followers,
With theſe the Letters of the Kinkes commende,
Giues him Letters.
Are happie witneſſes of his highneſſe health.
The King lookes on the letters, and proceedes.
Vice. *Thy Sonne doth liue, your tribute is receiu'd,*
Thy Peace is made, and we are ſatisfied:
The reſt reſolue vpon, as things propoſde,
For both our honors, and thy benefite.
Embaſ. Theſe are his Highneſſe farther Articles.
He giues him more Letters.
Vice. Accurſed wretch to intimate thoſe illes

Againſt

Againſt the life and reputation of noble *Alexandro:*
Come my Lord, vnbinde him,
Let him vnbinde thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy diſcontent.

They vnbind him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindneſſe you could do no leſſe,
Vpon report of ſuch a damned fact:
But this we ſee, our innocencie hath ſaued
The hopeleſſe life which thou *Villuppo* ſought,
By thy ſuggeſtions to haue maſſacred.

Vice. Say falſe *Villuppo*, Wherefore didſt thou thus
Falſly betray Lord *Alexandros* life?
Him whom thou knoweſt, that no vnkindneſſe els,
But euen the ſlaughter of our deareſt Sonne,
Could once haue mooued vs to haue miſconceiued.

Alex. Say treacherous *Villuppo*, tell the King?
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vſed thee ill?

Villup. Rent with remembraunce of ſo foule a deed,
My gultie ſoule ſubmits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandros* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be preferd,
Thus haue I ſhameleſly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which villaine, ſhalbe ranſomed with thy death,
And not ſo meane a torment as we heere
Deuiſe for him, who thou ſaydſt ſlew our Sonne,
But with the bittereſt tormentes and extreames
That may be yet inuented for thine end:

Alex. ſeemes to intreat.

Intreat me not; go take the traytor hence. *Exit. Vil.*
And *Alexandro*, let vs honour thee
With publique notiſe of thy loyaltie,
To end thoſe thinges articulated heere,
By our great L. the mightie King of *Spaine*,
We with our Counſell will deliberate: *Exeunt.*
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Oh eyes! no eyes, but fountaines fraught with teares,

Oh life, no life, but liuelie forme of death:
Oh world, no world, but maſſe of publique wrongs:
Confuſde and filde with murder and miſdeedes:
Oh ſacred Heauens, if this vnhallowed deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my ſonne,
Shall vnreuealed, and vnreuenged paſſe,
How ſhould we tearme your dealings to be iuſt,
If you vniuſtly deale with thoſe that in your iuſtice truſt?
The night ſad ſecretarie to my mones,
With direfull viſions wake my vexed ſoule,
And with the woundes of my diſtreſſull ſonne,
Solicite me for notice of his death.
The ougly feendes doe ſally forth of hell,
And frame my ſteps to vnfrequented pathes,
And feare my hart with fierce inflamed thoughtes,
The cloudie day my diſcontents records,
Earely begines to regiſter my dreames,
And driue me forth to ſeeke the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day,
See, ſearch, ſhew, ſend ſome man,
Some meane, that may.

A letter falleth.

Whats heere? A letter: tuſh, it is not ſo,
A letter written to *Hieronimo.* *Redincke.*

For want of Incke, receiue this bloody writ.
Me hath my haples brother hid from thee:
Reuenge thy ſelfe on Balthazar *and him,*
For theſe were they that murdered thy ſonne.
Hieronimo, *reuenge* Horatios *death,*
And better farre then Bel-imperia doth.
What meanes this vnexpected miracle?
My Sonne ſlaine by *Lorenzo* and the Prince?
What cauſe had they *Horatio* to maligne?
Or what might mooue thee *Bel-imperia,*
To accuſe thy brother, had he been the meane?

Hieronimo

Hieronimo beware, thou art betrayde,
And to intrap thy life this traine is layde:
Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is deuised to endanger thee,
That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,
And he for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,
And of his death behooues me be reueng'd:
Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,
But liue t'effect thy resolution:
I therefore will by circumstaunces trie
What I can gather, to confirme this writ,
And harkning neare the Duke of *Castiles* house,
Cloze (if I can) with *Bel-imperia*,
To listen more; but nothing to betray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hiero. Now *Pedringano*.
Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.
Hiero. Where's my Ladie?
Ped. I know not, heere's my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this, *Hieronimo*?
Hiero. My Lord.
Ped. He asketh for my Ladie *Bel-imperia*.
Lor. What to doe *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath
Vpon some disgrace, awhile remooued her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her off,
Tell me *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.
Hiero. Nay, nay my Lord, I thanke you, it shall not need,
I had a sute vnto her but too late,
And her disgrace makes me vnfortunate.
Lor. Why so *Hieronimo*? vse me.
Hiero. Who, you my Lord?
I reserue your fauour for a greater honour,
This is a verie toy my Lord, a toy.
Lor. All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

Hiero. Yfayth my Lord tis an idle thing I muſt confeſſe,
I ha'bin too ſlacke, too tardie, too remiſſe vnto your honor.
Lor. How now *Hieronimo?*
Hiero. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing,
A thing of nothing my Lord.
Lor. Why then farewell.
Hie. My griefe no hart, my thoughts no tong can tel. *Exit.*
Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, ſeeſt thou this?
Ped. My Lord I ſee it, and ſuſpect it too.
Lor. This is that damned villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) reuealde *Horatios* death.
Ped. My Lord he could not, twas ſo lately done,
And ſince, he hath not left my companie.
Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's ſuch,
As feare, or flattering wordes may make him falſe.
I know his humour, and therewith repent
That ere I vſde him in this enterprize.
But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worſt,
And cauſe I know thee ſecret as my ſoule,
Heere for thy further ſatisfaction, take thou this,
Giues him more gold.
And harken to mee: thus it is deuiſde,
This night thou muſt (and prethee ſo reſolue)
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Luigis* Parke,
Thou know'ſt tis heere hard by behind the houſe,
There take thy ſtand, and ſee thou ſtrike him ſure,
For die he muſt, if we do meane to liue.
Ped. But how ſhall *Serberine* be there my Lord?
Lor. Let me alone, Ile ſend to him to meete
The Prince and mee, where thou muſt do this deed.
Ped. It ſhall be done my Lord, it ſhall be done,
And Ile go arme my ſelfe to meete him there.
Lor. When thinges ſhall alter, as I hope they will,
Then ſhalt thou mount for this: thou knowſt my minde.
Exit Ped.
Enter

Che le Ieron. *Enter Page.*

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Goe ſirra to *Serberine*, and bid him foorthwith,
Meete the Prince and mee at *S. Lingis* Parke,
Behind the houſe this euening, Boy.

Page. I goe my Lord.

Lor. But ſirra, let the hower be eight a clocke:
Bid him not fayle.

Page. I flie my Lord. *Exit.*

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou haſt caſt,
Of all theſe practiſes, Ile ſpread the watch,
Vpon preciſe commaundement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night ſhall murder haples *Serberine.*
This muſt we worke that will auoyde diſtruſt.
Thus muſt we practiſe to preuent mishap:
And thus one ill, an other muſt expulſe.
This ſly iniquity of *Hieronimo* for *Bel-imperia*, breeds ſuſpitiõ
And this ſuſpition boades a further ill.
As for my ſelfe, I know my ſecret fault,
And ſo do they: but I haue dealt for them.
They that for Coyne their ſoules endangered,
To ſaue my life, for Coyne ſhall venter theirs:
And better tis that baſe companions die,
Then by their life, to hazard our good haps.
Nor ſhall they liue for me, to feare their fayth:
Ile truſt my ſelfe, my ſelfe ſhall be my friend,
For die they ſhal; ſlaues are ordaind for no other end. *Exit.*

Enter Pedringano with a Piſtoll.

Ped. Now *Pedringano*, bid thy Piſtoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more fauour me,
Giue but ſucceſſe to mine attempting ſpirit,
And let me ſhift for taking of mine ayme:
Heere is the Gold, this is the Gold propoſde,
It is no dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is poſſeſt thereof:

And

And he that would not ſtraine his conſcience
For him, that thus his liberall Purſe hath ſtretcht,
Vnworthie ſuch a fauour may he faile;
And wiſhing, want; when ſuch as I preuaile:
As for the feare of apprehenſion,
I know (if need ſhould be) my noble Lord
Will ſtand betweene mee and enſuing harmes.
Beſides, this place is free from all ſuſpect:
Heere therefore will I ſtay, and take my ſtand.

Enter the Watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expreſly chargd to watch?
2 Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name.
3 But we were neuer woont to watch nor ward
So neare the Duke, before.
2 Content your ſelfe, ſtand cloſe, there's ſome what in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere *Serberine* attend and ſtay thy pace,
For heere did *Don Lorenzos* Page appoynt,
That thou by his commaund ſhouldſt meete with him:
How fit a place, if one were ſo diſpoſde,
Mee thinkes this corner is, to cloſe with one.
Ped. Heere comes the Bird that I muſt ceaze vpon,
Now *Pedringano* or neuer, play the man.
Ser. I wonder that his Lordſhip ſtayes ſo long,
Or wherefore he ſhould ſend for me ſo late?
Ped. For this *Serberine*, and thou ſhalt ha't:

Shootes the Dagge.

So, there hee lyes: my promiſe is performde.

The Watch.

1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Piſtoll ſhot.
2 And heere's one ſlaine; ſtay the murderer.
Ped. Now by the ſorrowes of the ſoules in Hell,

He ſtriues with the Watch.

Who firſt layes hand on me, Ile be his prieſt.
3 Sirra confeſſe, and therein play the Prieſt.
Why haſt thou thus vnkindly kild the man?

Ped.

Ped. why? becauſe he walk't abroad ſo late.
3 Come ſir, you had beene better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this misdeede ſo late.
2 Come, to the Marſhals with the murderer.
1 On, to *Hieronomos*: helpe me heere,
To bring the murdered body with vs too.
Ped. Hieronomo? cary me before whom you will,
What ere he be, Ile anſwere him and you,
And doe your worſt, for I defie you all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar,

Bal. How now my Lord? what makes you riſe ſo ſoone?
Lor. Feare of preuenting our miſhaps too late.
Bal. What miſchiefe is it that we not miſtruſt?
Lor. Our greateſt illes, we leaſt miſtruſt my lord,
And inexpected harmes do hurt vs moſt.
Bal. Why, tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our honour, & your owne?
Lor. Not you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one.
For I ſuſpect, and the preſumption's great,
That by thoſe baſe confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,
We are betraide to ould *Hironimo*.
Bal. Betrayde, *Lorenzo*, tuſh it cannot be.
Lor. A guiltie couſcience vrged with the thought,
Of former euils, eaſily cannot erre:
I am perſwaded, and diſwade me not,
That all's reuealde to *Hieronimo*.
And therefore know that I haue caſt it thus:
But here's the *Page*: how now, what newes with thee?
Page. My Lord *Serberine* is ſlaine.
Bal. Who, *Serberine* my man?
Page. Your Highnes man my Lord.
Lor. Speake *Page*, who murdered him?
Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.
Lor. who?
Page. Pedringano.
Bal. Is *Serberine* ſlaine, that loued his Lord ſo well?

Iniurious villaine, murderer of his friend.

Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine?*
My Lord, let me intreat you to take the paynes,
To exaſperate and haſten his reuenge,
With your complaintes vnto my L. the King:
This their diſſention breedes a greater doubt.

Balt. Aſſure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he ſhall die,
Or els his Highneſſe hardly ſhall denie.
Meane while, Ile haſte the Marſhall Seſſions:
For die he ſhall for this his damned deed.

Exit Bal.

Lor. Why, ſo: this fits our former pollicie,
And thus experience bids the wiſe to deale.
I lay the plot, he proſecutes the poynt,
I ſet the trap, he breakes the worthies twigs,
And ſees not that wherewith the bird was limde.
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,
Muſt looke like Fowlers, to their deareſt friendes.
He runnes to kill, whom I haue hope to catch:
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch.
Tis hard to truſt vnto a multitude,
Or any one in mine opinion,
When men themſelues their ſecrets will reueale.

Enter a Meſſenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.
Pag. My Lord?
Lor. Whats hee?
Meſ. I haue a Letter to your Lordſhip.
Lor. From Whence?
Meſ. From *Pedringano* that's impriſoned.
Lor. So, he is impriſoned then?
Meſ. I, my good Lord.
Lor. What would he with vs?
He writes vs here *To ſtand good L. and helpe him in diſtreſſe. &c.*
Tell him I haue his Letters, know his minde,
And what we may, let him aſſure him of.
Fellow, be gone; my Boy ſhall follow thee. *Exit Meſ.*

This

This workes like waxe, yet once more trie thy wits,
Boy, goe, conuay this purse to *Pedringano*,
Thou knowest the prison, closely giue it him:
And be aduisde that none be there about..
Bid him be merrie still, but secret;
And though the Marshals Sessions be to day,
Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie.
Tell him his pardon is already signde,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolued:
For were he ready to be turned off,
As tis my will the vttermost be tride:
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still,
Shew him this box, tell him his pardonds in't,
But open't not, and if thou louest thy life:
But let him wisely keepe his hopes vnknowne,
He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.

Page. I goe, my Lord, I runne.

Lor. But Sirra see that this be cleanly done. *Exet Page.*

Now standes our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or neuer, ends *Lorenzoes* doubts,
One onely thing is vneffected yet,
And thats to see the Executioner,
But to what ende? I list not trust the ayre
With vtterance of our pretence therein,
For feare the priuie whispering of the winde
Conuey our wordes amongst vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

Et quel que voglio Il nessun le sa,
Intendo io quel mi bassara. *Exit.*

Enter Boy with the Boxe.

My Maister hath forbidden me to looke in this Boxe, and by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not haue had so much idle time: for we mens-kind in our minoritie, are like women in their vncertaintie: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. By my bare honestie, heere's nothing but the bare emptie Boxe; were it

not ſinne againſt ſecrecie, I would ſay it were a peece of gentleman-like knauerie, I muſt go to *Pedringano*, and tel him his pardon is in this boxe: nay, I would haue ſworne it, had I not ſeene the contrarie. I cannot chuſe but ſmile to thinke, how the villaine will flout the gallowes, ſcorne the audience, and deſcant on the hang-man, and all preſuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not be an odde ieſt, for mee to ſtand and grace euery ieſt he makes, pointing my finger at this boxe, as who ſhould ſay, mocke on, heeres thy warrant. Iſt not a ſcuruie ieſt, that a man ſhould ieſt him ſelfe to death? Alas, poore *Pedringano* I am in a ſort ſory for thee: but if I ſhould be hanged with thee, I can not weepe. *Exit.*

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.

Hiero. Thus muſt we toyle in other mens extreames,
That know not how to remedie our owne:
And doe them iuſtice, when vniuſtly we,
For all our wronges can compaſſe no redreſſe.
But ſhall I neuer liue to ſee the day,
That I may come by iuſtice (of the heauens)
To know the cauſe that may my cares alay?
This toiles my bodie, this conſumeth age,
That onely I to all men iuſt muſt be,
And neither Gods not men be iuſt to me.

Depu. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office askes
A care to puniſh ſuch as doe trangreſſe.

Hiero. So iſt my duetie to regard his death,
Who when he liued deſerued my deareſt blood:
But come, for that we came for, lets begin,
For heere lies that which bids me to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, *with a letter in his hand, bound.*

Depu. Bring foorth the priſoner, for the Court is ſet,

Ped. Gramercie boy: but it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew.
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordſhip had forgotten me:
But ſith he hath remembred me ſo well,

Come

Come, come, come on, what ſhall we to this geere?

Hier. Stand foorth thou monſter, murderer of men.
And heere for ſatisfaction of the worlde,
Confeſſe thy follie, and repent thy fault,
For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is ſhort worke? well, to your Marſhalſhip:
Firſt, I confeſſe (nor feare I death therefore)
I am the man, 'twas I ſlew *Serberine*.
But ſir, then you thinke this ſhall be the place,
Where we ſhall ſatisfie you for this geare?

Depu. I, *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now, I thinke not ſo.

Hiero. Peace impudent, for thou ſhalt finde it ſo,
For blood with blood, ſhall while I ſit as Iudge,
Be ſatisfied, and the law diſchargde.
And though my ſelfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I ſee that other haue their right.
Diſpatch, the fault approued and confeſt,
And by our law he is condemn'd to die.

Hang. Come on ſir, are you redy?

Ped. To doe what, my fine officious knaue?

Hang. To go to this geere.

Ped. O ſir, you are too forward, thou wouldſt faine furniſh me with a halter, to diſfurniſh me of my habit.
So I ſhould go out of this geere my rayment, into that geere the rope:
But Hang-man, now I ſpie your knauerie, Ile not chaunge without boote, thats flat.

Hang. Come ſir.

Ped. So, then I muſt vp.

Hang. No remedie.

Ped. Yes, but there ſhall be for comming downe.

Hang. Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

Ped. How, be turned off?

Hang. I truely: come, are you readie?
I pray you ſir piſpatch, the day goes away.

Ped. What doe you hang by the houre? if you doe, I may

chance to breake your old cuſtome.

Hang. Fayth you haue no reaſon, for I am like to breake your young necke.

Ped. Doeſt thou mocke me *Hang-man?* pray God I be not preſerued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas ſir, you are a foote too low to reach it, and I hope you will neuer grow ſo high while I am in the office.

Ped. Sirra, doſt ſee yonder boy with the boxe in his hand?

Hang. What, he that poyntes to it with his finger?

Ped. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not: but what of him?

Ped. Doeſt thou thinke to liue till his old doublet will make thee a new truſſe?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to truſſe vp many an honeſter man then either thou or he.

Ped. What hath he in his Boxe as thou thinkeſt?

Hang. Fayth I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly. Me thinks you ſhould rather harken to your ſoules health.

Ped. Why ſirra *Hang-man*, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewiſe good for the ſoule: and it may be in the Boxe is Balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art euen the merrieſt peece of mans fleſh that euer grond at my office doore.

Ped. Is your roagarie become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that ſhall all they witneſſe, that ſee you ſeale it with a theeues name.

Ped. I prethee, requeſt this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I mary ſir, this is a good motion: my maiſters, you ſee heere's a good fellow.

Ped. Nay nay, now I remember me, let them alone till ſome other time, for now I haue no great neede.

Hiero. I haue not ſeene a wretch ſo impudent.
O monſtrous times where murder's ſet ſo light,
And where the ſoule that ſhould be ſhrinde in heauen,
Solely delightes in interdicted thinges,
Still wandring in the thornie paſſages,

That

That intercepts it ſelfe of happineſſe.
Murder, O bloodie monſter: God forbid,
A fault ſo foule ſhould ſcape vnpuniſhed,
Diſpatch, and ſee the execution done,
This makes me to remember thee my Sonne. *Exit Hiero.*

Ped. Nay ſoft, no haſte.

Depu. Why, wherefore ſtay you? haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why raſcall, by my Pardon from the King.

Hang. Stand you on that, then you ſhall off with this.
He turnes him off.

Depu. So Executioner, conuey him hence,
But let his body be vnburied.
Let not the earth be choaked or infect
With that which heauen contemnes, and men neglect.
Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hiero. Where ſhall I run to breath abroad my woes?
My woes, whoſe weight hath weeried the earth.
Or mine exclaimes that haue ſurcharg'd the ayre,
With ceaſles plaintes for my deceaſſed Sonne?
The bluſtring windes conſpiring with my wordes,
At my lament, haue mooued the leaueles Trees,
Diſrobde the Meddowes of their flowred greene,
Made Mountaines marſh with ſpringtide of my teares,
And broken through the braſen gates of Hell:
Yet ſtill tormented is my tortured ſoule,
With broken ſighes, and reſtles paſſions,
That winged, mount, and houering in the ayre,
But at the windowes of the brighteſt heauens,
Solliciting for iuſtice and reuenge:
But they are plac'd in thoſe imperiall heightes.
Where countermurde with walles of diamond,
I finde the place impregnable: and they,
Reſiſt my woes, and giue my wordes no way.

Enter

Enter Hangman with a Letter.

Han. O Lord ſir, God bleſſe you ſir the man ſir, *Petergado* Sir, he that was ſo full of merry conceites.

Hiero. Well, what of him?

Hang. O Lord ſir, he went the wrong way, the fellow had a faire commiſsion to the contrary. Sir, heere is his paſsport: I pray you ſir, we haue done him wrong.

Hiero. I warrant thee, giue it mee.

Hang. You will ſtand betweene the Gallowes and mee.

Hiero. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L. worſhip. *Exit Hangman.*

Hiero. And yet though ſomewhat nearer me concernes,
I will to eaſe the griefe that I ſuſtaine,
Take truce with ſorrow while I read on this.

My Lord, I write as my extreames requirde,
That you would labour my deliuerie:
If you neglect, my life is deſperate,
And in my death, I ſhall reueale the troth.
You know my Lord, I ſlew him for your ſake,
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Wonne by rewardes, and hopefull promiſes:
I holpe to murder Don Horatio *too.*

Holpe hee to murder mine *Horatio*?
And actors in th'accurſed Tragedie,
Waſt thou *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar* and thou,
Of whom my ſonne, my ſonne deſeru'd ſo well?
What haue I heard? What haue mine eyes beheld?
O ſacred Heauens, may it come to paſſe,
That ſuch a monſtrous and deteſted deed,
So cloſely ſmothered, and ſo long conceald,
Shall thus by this, be venged or reueald?
Now ſee I what, I durſt not then ſuſpect,
That *Bel-imperias* letter was not faignde,
Nor faigned ſhee, though falſely they haue wrongde
Both her, my ſelfe, *Horatio*, and themſelues.
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
Of euery accedent, I neare could finde,

Till

Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue
They did what heauen vnpuniſht would not leaue,
O falſe *Lorenzo*, are theſe thy flattering lookes?
Is this the honour that thou didſt my ſonne?
And *Balthazar*, bane to thy ſoule and me,
Was this the ranſome he reſeru'd thee for?
Woe to the cauſe of theſe conſtrained warres,
Woe to thy baſenes and captiuitie,
Woe to thy birth, thy bodie, and thy ſoule,
Thy curſed father, and thy conquered ſelfe:
And band with bitter execrations be,
The day and place where he did pittie thee.
But wherefore waſte I mine vnfruitfull wordes,
When naught but blood will ſatisfie my woes?
I will goe plaine me to my Lord the King,
And cry aloude for iuſtice through the court,
Wearing the flintes with theſe my withered feete,
And either purchace iuſtice by intreates,
Or tyre them all with my reuenging threates. *Exit.*

Enter Iſab. Ila and her maid.

Iſa. So that you ſay, this herbe will purge the eye,
And this the head; ah, but none of them will purge the hart:
No, ther's no medicine left for my diſeaſe,
Nor any phyſicke to recure the dead.

She runnes lunaticke.

Horatio O wheer's *Horatio*.

Maid. Good madame, affright not thus your ſelfe,
With out-rage for your ſonne *Horatio*.
He ſleepes in quiet in the *Elizian* fields.

Iſa. Why did I not giue you gownes and goodly thinges,
Bought you a whiſtle and a whipſtalke too:
To be reuenged on their villanies.

Maid. Maddame, theſe humours do torment my ſoule.

Iſa. My ſoule, poore ſoule thou talkes of things
Thou knoweſt not what, my ſoule hath ſiluer wings,
That mountes me vp vnto the higheſt heauens.
To heauen, I there ſits my *Horatio*.

Backt with a troupe offierie Cherubines,
Dauncing about his newly healed woundes,
Singing ſweete Hymnes, and chaunting heauenly notes,
Rare harmonie to greet his innocencie
That liude: I, dide, a mirrour in our dayes.
But ſay, where ſhall I finde the men, the murderers
That ſlew *Horatio*? whither ſhall I runne
To finde them out, that murdered my Sonne? *Exeunt.*

Bel-imperia at a window.

Bel. What meanes this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus ſequeſtred from the Court?
No notiſe: ſhall I not know the cauſe
Of this my ſecret and ſuſpitious ils?
Accurſed brother, vnkinde murderer,
Why bendes thou thus thy minde to martire me?
Hieronimo, why write I of thy wronges?
Or why art thou ſo ſlacke in thy reuenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea*, that thou ſaweſt
Mee, for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus,
And him for me, thus cauſeleſſe murdered.
Well, force perforce, I muſt conſtraine my ſelfe
To patience, and applie me to the time,
Till heauen (as I haue hoped) ſhall ſet me free.

Enter Chriſtophil.

Chriſ Come, Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre thinges go well,
Thou art aſured that thou ſaweſt him dead?

Page. Or els, my Lord, I liue not.

Lor. That's enough.
As for his reſolution in his ende,
Leaue that to him with whom he ſoiourns now,
Heere take my Ring, and giue it *Chriſtophill*,
And bid him let my Siſter be enlargde,
And bring her hither ſtraight. *Exit.*
This that I did was for a policie,

To

To ſmooth and keepe the murder ſecret.
Which as a nine dayes wonder being ore-blowne,
My gentle Siſter will I now inlarge.
Balt. And time *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,
You heard inquired for her yeſter-night.
Lor. Why? and my Lord, I hope you heard me ſay
Sufficient reaſon why ſhe kept away.
But that's all one, my Lord, you loue her?
Balt. I.
Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all ſuſpitions, onely ſooth me vp.
And if ſhe hap to ſtand on tearmes with vs:
As for her ſweet-hart, and concealement ſo,
Ieſt with her gently, vnder faigned ieſt
Are thinges concealde, that els would breed vnreſt.
But heere ſhee comes.

Enter Bel-imperia.

Lor. Now Siſter.
Bel. Siſter? no, thou art no brother, but an enemie,
Els wouldſt thou not haue vſed thy Siſter ſo,
Firſt to affright me with thy weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuſe my company,
And then to hurrie me like whirle-winds rage,
Amidſt a crue of thy confederates?
And clap me vp where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wronges.
What madding furie did poſſeſſe thy wits?
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?
Lor. Aduiſe you better *Bel-imperia*,
For I haue done you no diſparagement,
Vnleſſe by more diſcretion then deſerued,
I ſought to ſaue your honour and mine owne.
Bel. Mine honour? why *Lorenzo*, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation ſo,
As you, or any neede to reſcue it?
Lor. His highneſſe, and my father were reſolu'd,
To come conferre with olde *Hieronimo*,

Concerning certaine matters of eſtate,
That by the *Vice-roy* was determined,
Bel. And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?
Bal. Haue patience *Bel-imperia*, heare the reſt.
Lor. Me next in ſight as meſſenger they ſent,
To giue him notice that they were ſo nigh:
Now when I came, conforted with the Prince,
And vnexpected in an Arbour there,
Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*.
Bel. How than?
Lor. Why then remembring that old diſgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurde,
And now were likely longer to ſuſteine,
By being found ſo meanely accompaned.
I nought rather (for I know no readier meane)
To thruſt *Horatio* foorth my fathers way.
Bal. And carrie you obſcurely ſome-where els,
Leaſt that his Highnes ſhould haue founde you there.
Bel. Euen ſo my Lord, and you are witnes,
That this is true which he entreateth of.
You (gentle brother forged this for my ſake,)
And you, my Lord, were made his inſtrument:
A worke of woorth, worthy the nooting too.
But what's the cauſe that you conceald me ſince?
Lor. Your melancholy, Siſter, ſince the newes,
Of your firſt fauourite *Don Andreas* death.
My fathers old wrath hath exaſperate.
Bal. And better waſt for you being in diſgrace,
To abſent your ſelfe, and giue his furie place.
Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?
Lor. That were to adde more fewell to the fire,
Who burnt like *Ætna*, for *Andreas* loſſe.
Bel. Hath not my father then enquirde for me?
Lor. Siſter, he hath, and thus excuſde I thee.
He whiſpereth in her eare.
But *Bel-imperia*, ſee the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy loue, behold yong *Balthazar*,

Whoſe

Whoſe paſsions by thy preſence are increaſt,
And in whoſe melancholy thou maieſt ſee,
Thy hate, his loue: thy flight, his following thee.
Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratur,
I know not I, by what experience.
Too politicke for me, paſt all compare,
Since laſt I ſaw you: but content your ſelfe,
The Prince is meditating higher thinges.
Bal. Tis of thy beautie then, that conquers kinges,
Or thoſe thy treſſes *Ariadnes* twines
Wherewith my libertie thou haſt ſurpriſde,
Or that chine iuorie front my ſorrowes map,
Wherein I ſee no Heauen to reſt my hope.
Bel. To loue, and feare, and both at once my Lord.
In my conceite, are things of more import
Then womens wits are to be buſied with.
Bal. Tis I that loue.
Bel. Whom?
Balt. *Bel-imperia.*
Bel. But I that feare.
Balt. Whom?
Bel. *Bel-imperia.*
Lor. Feare your ſelfe?
Bel. I Brother.
Lor. How?
Bel. As thoſe that when they loue, are loath, & feare to loſe
Balt. Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.
Bel. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we.
Eſt tremulo me tui pauidem iunxere timorem,
Et vanum ſtolide prodicionis opus. *Exit.*
Lor. Nay, and you argue thinges ſo cunningly,
Weele goe continue this diſcourſe at Court.
Balt. Led by the load-ſtarre of her heauenly lookes,
Wendes poore oppreſſed *Balthazar*,
As ore the mountaines walkes the wanderer,
Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

Exeunt.

Enter two Portingales, and Hironimo meets them.

1 By your leaue ſir.

Hie. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,
Nor as you thinke: you'r wide all:
Theſe ſlippers are not mine, they were my ſonne *Horatios*,
My ſonne, and what's a ſonne?
A thing begot within a paire of minutes, there about:
A lumpe bred vp in darkeneſſe, and doth ſerue
To ballace theſe light creatures we call Women:
And at nine moneths ende, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a ſonne?
To make a father dote, raue, or runne mad.
Being borne, it poutes, cryes, and breeds teeth,
What is there yet in a ſonne? He muſt be fed,
Be taught to goe, and ſpeake I, or yet,
Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well?
Or melt in paſsion ore a friſking Kid?
As for a Sonne, me thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little ſmooth Horſe-colt
Should mooue a man, as much as doth a Sonne:
For one of theſe in verie little time,
Will grow to ſome good vſe, where as a ſonne,
The more he growes in ſtature and in yeeres,
The more vnſquard, vnbeuelled he appeares,
Recons his parents among the ranke of fooles,
Strikes care vpon their heads with his mad ryots.
Makes them looke old, before they meet with age:
This is a ſonne: And what aloſſe were this, conſidered truly?
O but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of theſe
In ſatiate humours: He loued his louing parents,
He was my comfort, and his mothers ioy,
The very arme that did holde vp our houſe,
Our hopes were ſtored vp in him.
None but a damned murderer could hate him:
He had not ſeene the backe of nineteene yeere,
When his ſtrong arme vnhorſt the proud Prince *Balthazer*.
And his great minde too full of Honour,

Tooke

Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble *Portingale.*
Well, heauen is heauen ſtill,
And there is *Nemeſis* and Furies,
And thinges called whips,
And they ſometimes doe meete with murderers,
They doe not alwayes ſcape, that's ſome comfort.
I, I, I, and then time ſteales on and ſteales, and ſteales
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And ſo doth bring confuſion to them all.
Good leaue haue you may, I pray you goe,
For Ile leaue you, if you can leaue me, ſoe.

2 Pray you which is the way to my L. the Dukes.

Hie. The next way from me.

1 To his houſe we meane.

Hier. O, hard by, tis yon houſe that ye ſee.

2 You could not tell vs if his ſonne were there?

Hier. Who, my Lord *Lorenzo?*

1 I ſir.

He goes in at one dore, and comes out at another.

Hier. Out, beare, for other talke for vs farre fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then litt to me, and Ile reſolue your doubt.
There is a path vpon your left hand ſide,
That leadeth from a guiltie Conſcience,
Vnto a forreſt of diſtruſt and feare,
A darkeſome place and dangerous to paſſe,
There ſhall you meet with melancholy thoughtes,
Whoſe baiefull humours if you but vphold,
It will conduct you to diſpaire and death:
Whoſe rockie cliffes, when you haue once beheld,
Within a hugie dale of laſting night,
That kindled with the worldes iniquities,
Doth caſt vp filthie and deteſted fumes.
Not farre from thence where murtherers haue built,

A habi-

A habitation for their curſed ſoule:
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*
In his fell wrath, vpon a ſulpher flame
Your ſelues ſhall finde *Lorenzo* bathing him
In boyling Lead, and blood of Innocents.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

Hiero. Ha, ha, ha: why ha, ha, ha. Farewell good ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

2 Doubtleſſe this man is paſſing lunaticke,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, let vs away, to ſeeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo with a Peynard in one hand, and a Rope in the other.

Hiero. Now ſir, perhaps, I come and ſee the King,
The King ſees mee, and faine would heare my ſute.
Why is not this a ſtrange and ſeld ſeene thing,
That ſtanders by, with toyes ſhould ſtrike me mute?
Goe too, I ſee their ſhiftes, and ſay no more.
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a firie Tower: there ſits a Iudge,
Vpon a ſeat of Steele and molten Braſſe:
And twixt his teeth he holdes a firebrand,
That leades vnto the lake where Hell doth ſtand:
Away *Hieronimo*, to him begon,
Heele do thee iuſtice for *Horatios* death.
Turne downe this path, thou ſhalt be with him ſtraight,
Or this, and then thou needſt not take thy breath.
This way, or that way: ſoft and faire, not ſo,
For if I hang or kill my ſelfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murder then?
No no, fie no: pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flinges away the dagger and halter.

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King,

He takes them vp againe.

And heere Ile haue a fling at him, that's flat.
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring.

And

And thee, *Lorenzo*, heere's the King; nay ſtay,
And heere, I heere: there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Embaſſadour, Caſtile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now ſhew Embaſſadour what our Vice-roy ſaith,
Hath he receiu'd the Articles we ſent?

Hier. Iuſtice, O iuſtice to *Hieronimo.*

Lor. Backe, ſeeſt thou not the King is buſie?

Hier. O, is he ſo?

King. Who is he that interrupts our buſines?

Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo* be ware, goe by, goe by,

Embaſ. Renowned King, he hath receiued, and read
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promiſt league:
And as a man extreamely ouer-ioy'd,
To heare his ſonne ſo princelie entertain'd,
Whoſe death he had ſo ſolemnly bewail'd.
This for thy further ſatisfaction,
And Kinglie loue, he kindly lets thee know:
Firſt, for the marriage of his princelie ſonne,
With *Bel-imperia* thy beloued Nece,
The newes are more delightfull to his ſoule,
Then Myrrhe or Incenſe to the offended heauens,
In perſon therefore will he come himſelfe,
To ſee the marriage rites ſolemnized.
And in the preſence of the court of Spaine,
To knit a ſure inexplicable band,
Of Kingly loue, and euerlaſting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale.
There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,
And make a Queene of *Bel-imperia.*

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-roys loue?

Caſt. No doubt, my Lord, it is an argument
Of honourable care to keepe his friend,
And wonderous zeale to *Balthazar* his ſonne:
Nor am I leaſt indebted to his Grace,
That bends his likeing to my daughter thus.

Emb. Now laſt (dread Lord) heere hath his Highnes ſent
Although he ſend not that his ſonne returne,

His ranſome due to *Don Horatio.*

Hie. *Horatio*, who calles *Horatio?*

King. And well remembred, thanke his Maieſtie
Heere ſee it giuen to *Horatio.*

Hier. Iuſtice, O iuſtice, iuſtice gentle King.

King. Who is that? *Hieronimo.*

Hiero. Iuſtice, O iuſtice: O my ſonne, my ſonne,
My ſonne, whom naught can ranſome or redeeme.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduiſde.

Hiero. Away *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou haſt made me bankrupt of my bliſſe:
Giue me my ſonne, you ſhall not ranſome him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,
He digeth with his Dagger.
And ferrie ouer to th'*Elizan* plaines:
And bring my Sonne to ſhew his deadly woundes.
Stand from about me, Ile make a Pickaxe of my Poniard,
And heere ſurrender vp my Marſhalſhip:
For Ile go marſhall vp the Feendes in hell,
To be auenged on you all, for this.

King. What meanes this outrage? will none of you reſtraine his furie.

Hiero. Nay ſoft and faire, you ſhall not need to ſtriue,
Needes muſt he go that the diuels driue. *Exit.*

King. What accident hath hapt to *Hieronimo?*
I haue not ſeene him to demeane him ſo.

Lor. My gratious Lord, he is with extreame pride,
Conceiued of young *Horatio* his Sonne,
And couetous of hauing to himſelfe,
The ranſome of the young Prince *Balthazar*,
Diſtract, and in a manner lunaticke.

King. Beleeue me Nephew we are ſorrie for't,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes:
But gentle brother, go giue to him this gold.
The Princes ranſome, let him haue his due,
For what he hath *Horatio* ſhall not want,
Happely, *Hieronimo* hath need thereof,

Lor.

Lor. But if he be thus hapleſly diſtract,
Tis requiſite his office be reſignde,
And giuen to one of more diſcretion.
King. We ſhall increaſe his Melancholy ſo,
Tis beſt we ſee further in it firſt:
Till when, our ſelfe will exempt the place.
And brother, now bring in the Embaſſadour,
That he may be a witneſſe of the match
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Bel-imperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,
Wherein the Marriage ſhall be ſolemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.
Emb. Therein your Highneſſe highly ſhall content
His Maieſtie, that longes to heare from hence.
King. On then, & heare your Lord Embaſſadour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iaques and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Maiſter thus
At midnight ſendes vs with our Torches light,
When man and bird and beaſt are all at reſt,
Saue thoſe that watch for rape and bloodie murder?
Ped. O *Iaques*, know that our Maiſters minde
Is much diſtraught ſince his *Horatio* died:
And now his aged yeeres ſhould ſleepe in reſt,
His hart in quiet; like a deſperat man,
Growes lunaticke and childiſh for his Sonne:
Sometimes as he doth at his table ſit,
He ſpeakes as if *Horatio* ſtood by him,
Then ſtarting in a rage falles on the earth,
Cryes out *Horatio*, Where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreame griefe and cutting ſorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man:
See where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hie. I prie through euerie creuie of each wall,
Looke on each tree, and ſearch through euery braker
Beat at the buſhes, ſtampe our grandam earth,
Diue in the water, and ſtare vp to heauen,

Yet cannot I behold my ſonne *Horatio*.
How now, Who's there, ſpirits, ſpirites?
Ped. We are your ſeruantes that attend you ſir.
Hie. What make you with your torches in the darke.
Ped. You bid vs light them, and and attend you here.
Hier. No, no, you are deceiu'd, not I, you are deceiu'd
Was I ſo mad to bid you light your torches now,
Light me your torches at the mid of noone,
When as the Sun-God rides in all his glorie?
Light me your torches then.
Ped. Then we burne day light.
Hie. Let it be burnt, night is a murderous ſlut,
That would not haue her treaſons to be ſeene,
And yonder pale faced *Hecat* there, the Moone,
Doth giue conſent to that is don in darkneſſe,
And all thoſe Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are aggots on her ſleeue, pins on her traine,
And thoſe that ſhould be powerfull and diuine,
Doe ſleepe in darkenes when they moſt ſhould ſhine.
Ped. Prouoke them not faire ſir, with tempting wordes,
The heauens are gratious, and your miſeries and ſorow,
Makes you ſpeake you know not what.
Hie. Villaine, thou lieſt, and thou doeſt nought
But tell me I am mad, thou lieſt, I am not mad.
I know thee to be *Pedro*, and he *Iaques*,
Ile proue it to thee, and were I mad, how could I?
Where was ſhe that ſame night when my *Hor.* was murdred
She ſhould haue ſhone: Search thou the booke. (gace
Had the Moone ſhone, in my boyes face (there was a kind of
That I know) nay, I doe know, had the murderer ſeene him,
His weapon would haue fall'n and cut the earth,
Had he beene framed of nought but blood and death.
Alacke when miſchiefe doth it knowes not what,
What ſhall we ſay to miſchiefe?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. Deare *Hieronimo*, come in a doores.
O, ſeeke not meanes ſo to encreaſe thy ſorrow.

Hier. In-

Hier. Indeed, *Isabella* we doe nothing heere,
I doe not cry, aske *Pedro* and aske *Iaques*
Not I indeed, we are very merrie, verie merrie.
Isa. How, be merie heere, be merrie heere,
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my *Horatio* died, where he was murdered?
Hier. Was, doe not say what's let her weepe it out.
This was the tree, I set it of a kirnell,
And when our hot Spaine could not let it grow
But that the infant and the humaine sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water.
At last it grewe, and grewe, and bore and bore,
Till at the lenth it grew a gallowes, and did beare our sonne
It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked plant.
One knockes within at the doore.
See who knocks there?
Pedro. It is a painter sir.
Hie. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely ther's none liues but painted comfort,
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chance,
Gods will, that I should set this tree,
But euen so masters, vngratfull seruants reard from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them vp,
Enter the Painter.
Pain. God blesse you sir.
Hie. Wherefore, why, thou scornefull villaine.
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest,
Isa. What wouldst thou haue good fellow.
Pain. Iustice Madame.
Hie. O ambitious begger, wouldst thou haue that
That liues not in the world,
Why all the vndelud mynes cannot buy
An ounce of iustice, tis a iewel so inestimable:
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all iustice in his hands,
And there is none, but what comes from him.
Pai. O then I see that God must right me for my murdered sonne

Hie. How, was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I ſir, no man did hold a Sonne ſo deare.

Hie. What not as thine? that's a lie
As maſſie as the earth, I had a Sonne
Whoſe leaſt vouallued haire did waigh
A thouſand of thy ſonnes: and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas ſir, I had no more but he.

Hier. Nor I, nor I: but this ſame one of mine
Was worth a legion: but all is one.
Pedro, Iaques, goe in a doores: *Iſabella* goe,
And this good fellow heere and I,
Will range this hydious Orchard vp and downe,
Like to two Lyons reaued of their young.
Goe in at doores, I ſay. *Exeunt.*

The Painter and he ſits downe.

Come, let's talke wiſely now:
Was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I ſir.

Hier. So was mine.
How doo'ſt take it? art thou not ſometimes mad?
Is there no trickes that comes before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord, yes ſir.

Hier. Art a Painter? canſt paint me a teare or a wound,
A groane or a ſigh? Canſt paint me ſuch a teare as this?

Pain. Sir, I am ſure you haue heard of my painting,
My name's *Bazardo.*

Hie. Bazardo, afore-god, an excellent fellow. Looke you ſir,
Doe you ſee, I'de haue you paint me my Gallirie
In your Oyle colours, matted: and draw mee fiue
Yeeres younger then I am. Doe ye ſee ſir, let fiue
Yeeres goe, let them goe like the Marſhall of Spaine:
My wife *Iſabella* ſtanding by me,
With a ſpeaking looke to my ſonne *Horatio,*
Which ſhould entend to this, or ſome ſuch like purpoſe:
God bleſſe thee my ſweet ſonne: and my hand leaning vpon
his head, thus ſir, doe you ſee? may it be done?

Pain. Very well ſir.

Hie. Nay,

Hier. Nay, I pray marke me, ſir. Then ſir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree.
Canſt painte a dolefull crie?

Pain. Seemingly, ſir,

Hier. Nay, it ſhould crie: but all is one.
Well ſir, paint me a youth, run thorow and thorow with villaines ſwordes, hanging vpon this tree.
Canſt thou draw a murderer?

Painter. Ile warant you ſir,
I haue the pattern of the moſt notorious villaines that euer liued in all Spaine.

Hie. O let them be worſe, worſe: ſtretch thine Art,
And let their beardes be of *Iudas* his owne colour,
And let their eie-brows iuttie ouer: in any caſe obſerue that
Then ſir, after ſome violent noyſe,
Bring mee foorth in my ſhirt, and my gowne vnder mine arme, with my torch in my hand, and my ſword reared vp thus: amd with theſe wordes.

What noyſe is this? Who cal's Hieronimo?
May it be done?

Pai. Yea ſir,

Hiro. Well ſir, then bring me forth, bring me thorow allie and allie, ſtill with a diſtracted countenance going along, and let my haire heaue vp my night-cap.
Let the clowds ſcowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres extinct, the Windes blowing, the Belles towling, the Owle ſhriking, the Toades crooking, the Minutes iering, and the Clocke ſtriking twelue.
And then at laſt ſir, ſtarting, behold a man hanging: And tottering, and tottering as you know the winde will waue a man, and I with a trice to cut him downe.
And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my torch, finde it to be my ſonne *Horatio*,
There you may a paſſion, there you may ſhew a paſſion.
Draw mee like olde *Priam* of *Troy*,
Crying, the houſe is a fire, the houſe is a fire,
As the torch ouer my head. Take me curſe,

Make

Make me raue, make me cry, make me mad,
Make me well a gaine, make me curſe hell;
Inuocate heauen, and in the ende, leaue me
In a traunce, and ſo foorth.
Paint. And is this the end,
Hie. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madneſſe,
As I am neuer better then when I am mad,
Then me thinkes I am a braue fellow,
Then I doe wonders: But reaſon abuſeth me,
And there's the torment, there's the hell
At the laſt, ſir, bring me to one of the murderers,
Were he as ſtrong as *Hector*, thus would I
Teare and drage him vp and downe.

He beates the Painter in, then comes out againe with a Booke in his hand.

Vindicta mihi.
I, heauen will be reueng'd of euery ill,
Nor will they ſuffer murder vnrepaide:
Then ſtay, *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoint a time.
Per ſcelus ſemper tutum eſt ſceleribus iter.
Strike, and ſtrike home, where wrong is offered thee,
For euils vnto ils conducters be,
And death's the worſt of reſolution:
For he that thinkes with patience to contend
To quiet life, his life ſhall eaſily ende.
Fata ſi miſeros iuuant habes ſalutem,
Fata ſi vitam negant, habes ſepulchrum.
If Deſtinie thy miſeries doe eaſe,
Then haſt thou health, and happy ſhalt thou be.
If Deſtinie deny thee life *Hieronimo*,
Yet ſhalt thou be aſſurd of a tombe,
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall.
And to conclude, I wil reuenge his death,
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inceitable ills:

As by a ſecret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindſhip will be cloaked beſt,
Wiſe men wil take their oppertunitie,
Cloſely, and ſafely fitting things to time,
But in extreames vantage hath no time.
And therefore all times fit not for reuenge:
Thus therefore will I reſt me in vnreſt,
Diſſembling quiet in vnquietneſſe,
Not ſeeming that I know their villanies,
That my ſimplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly, I will let it ſlipt
For ignorance I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum iners eſt.
Nor ought auailes it me to menance them.
Who, as a wintrie ſtorme vpon a plaine.
Will beare me downe with their nobilitie.
No, no, *Hyronimo*, thou muſt enioyne
Thine eies to obſeruation, and thy tongue
To milder ſpeeches, then thy ſpirites afforde,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to reſt,
Thy Cappe to curteſie, and thy knee to bow
Till to reuenge, thou know when, where, and how.
A noyſe within.
How now, what noiſe? what coile is that you keepe?
Enter a Seruant.
Ser. Heere are a ſort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it ſhall pleaſe you ſir,
That you ſhould plead their cauſes to the King.
Hie. That I ſhould plead their ſeuerall Actions?
Why let them enter, and let me ſee them.
Enter three Citizens, and an olde man.
1 So, I tell you this, for learning and for law,
There's not any Aduocate in Spaine,
That can preuaine, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will in purſuit of equitie,
Hie. Come neere, you men that thus importune me.
Now muſt I beare a face of grauieties

For this I vſde before my Marſhalſhip,
To plead in cauſes as *Corrigedor.*
Come on ſirs, whats the matter?

2 Sir, an Action.

Hier. Of Battetie?

1 Mine of Debt.

Hier. Giue place.

2 No ſir, mine is an action of the Caſe,

3 Mine an Ejection firma by a Leaſe.

Hier. Content you ſirs, are you determined
That I ſhould plead your ſeuerall actions?

1 I ſir, and heere's my Declaration.

2 And heere is my Band,

3 And heere is my Leaſe. *They giue him papers.*

Hier. But wherefore ſtand you ſillie man ſo mute,
With mournefull eyes and handes to heauen vpreard?
Come hither Father, let me know thy cauſe?

Senix. O worthie Sir, my cauſe but ſlightlie knowne,
May mooue the hartes of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the corſicke Rockes with ruthfull teares.

Hier. Say Father, tell mee, what's thy ſute?

Senix. No ſir, could my woes
Giue way vnto my moſt diſtreſſull wordes,
Then ſhould I not in Paper, as you ſee,
With Incke bewray what blood began in mee.

Hier. What's heere? The humble Supplication
of *Don Bazulto* for his murdred Sonne.

Senix. I Sir.

Hier. No ſir, it was my murdred ſonne, Oh my ſonne,
Oh my ſonne, oh my ſonne *Horatio.*
But mine, or thine, *Bazulto* be content,
Heere take my Handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, in thy miſhappes may ſee
The liuely portraict of my dying ſelfe.
He draweth out a bloody Napkin.
O no not this, *Horatio* this was thine,
And when I dide it in thy deareſt blood,

This

This was a token twixt thy ſoule and mee,
That of thy death reuenged I ſhould bee.
But heere, take this, and this: what my Purſe?
I this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one, are our extremities.

1 Oh, ſee the kindneſſe of *Hieronimo*.
This gentleneſſe ſhewes him a Gentleman.

Hier. See ſee, oh ſee thy ſhame *Hieronimo*,
See heere a louing father to his ſonne:
Behold the ſorrowes and the ſadd amentes
That he deliuered for his Sonnes deceaſſe.
If loue effectes ſo ſtriues in leſſer thinges,
If loue enforce ſuch moodes in meaner wits,
If loue expreſſe ſuch power in poore eſtates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Toſt with the winde and tyde ore turneſt then
The vpper billowes courſe of waues to keepe,
Whilſt leſſer waters labour in the deepe:
Then ſhameſt thou not *Hieronimo* to neglect
The ſwift reuenge of thy *Horatio*?
Though on this earth Iuſtice wil not be found:
Ile downe to hell, and in this paſſion
Knocke at the dismall gates of *Plutos* Court,
Getting by force as once *Alcides*,
A troupe of Furies and tormenting Hagges,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the reſt:
Yet leaſt the triple headed Porter ſhould
Deny my paſſage to the ſlymie ſtrond,
The *Thracian* Poet thou ſhalt counterfeit:
Come olde Father, be my *Orpheus*,
And if thou canſt no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then ſound the burden of the ſore hartes griefe,
Till we do gaine that *Proſerpine* may graunt,
Reuenge on them that mordred my Sonne.
Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
Shiuering their limbes in peeces with my teeth.

Teare the papers.

1 Oh ſir, my Declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my Bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my Bond.

3 Alas, my Leaſe, it coſt me ten pound,
And you my Lord, haue torne the ſame.

Hie. That cannot be, I gaue them neuer a wound.
Shew me one drop of blood fall from the ſame:
How is it poſſible I ſhould ſlay it then?
Tuſh no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the olde man.

Bazulto *remaines ſtill* Hieronimo *enters againe,*
who ſtaring him in the face, ſpeakes.

Hie. And art thou come *Horatio*, from the depth,
To aske for iuſtice in this vpper earth?
To tell thy father thou art vnreuengde,
To wring more teares from *Iſabellas* eyes?
Whoſe lightes are dim'd with ouer-long laments.
Goe backe my Sonne, complaine to *Eacus*,
For heere's no Iuſtice, gentle Boy be gone:
For Iuſtice is exiled from the earth.
Hieronimo will beare thee companie.
Thy Mother cries on righteous *Radamant*,
For iuſt Reuenge againſt the murderers.

Senex. Alas my L. whence ſprings this troub'led ſpeach?

Hie. But let me looke on my *Horatio*:
Sweete Boy, art thou chang'd in Deaths blacke ſhade?
Had *Proſerpine* no pittie on thy youth?
But ſuffer thy faire crimſon coloured ſpring,
With withered winter to be blaſted thus?
Horatio, thou art older then thy father:
Ah, ruthleſſe father, that fauour thus transformes.

Baz. Ah my good L. I am not your young ſonne.

Hie. What, not my ſonne? thou then a furie art,
Sent from the emptie kingdome of Blacke night,
To ſummon me to make appearance

Before

Before grim *Minos* and iuſt *Radamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo*, that is remiſſe,
And ſeekes not vengeance for *Horatios* death.
Baz. I am a greeued Man, and not a Ghoſt,
That came for iuſtice for my murdered ſonne.
Hie. I, now I know thee, now thou nam'ſt my ſonne:
Thou art the liuely image of my griefe:
Within thy face my ſorrowes I may ſee.
Thy eyes are dim'd with teares, thy cheekes are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring lips
Murmure ſad wordes abruptly broken off:
By force of windie ſighes thy ſpirit breathes,
And all this ſorrow riſeth for thy ſonne:
And ſelfe-ſame ſorrow feele I for my ſonne.
Come in old man, thou ſhalt to *Iſabell*:
Leane on my arme; I thee, thou mee, ſhalt ſtay,
And thou, and I, and ſhe, will ſing a ſong:
Three partes in one; but all of diſcordes fram'd,
Talke not of cordes, but let vs now be gone,
For with a cord *Horatio* was ſlaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo, Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Bel-imperia.

King. Goe Brother, it is the Duke of *Caſtiles* cauſe, ſalute the *Vice-roy* in our name.
Caſt. I goe.
Vice. Goe foorth *Don Pedro*, for thy Nephewes ſake,
And greete the Duke of *Caſtile*.
Ped. It ſhalbe ſir.
King. And now to meete the *Portingales*.
For as we now are, ſo ſometimes were theſe,
Kinges and Commaunders of the Weſterne *Indies*.
Wel-come braue *Vice-roy* to the Court of *Spaine*,
And welcome all his honorable traine.
Tis not vnknowne to vs for why yee come,
Or haue ſo kingly croſt the Seas:
Sufficeth it in this, we note the troth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.

So is it that mine honorable Neece:
For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne,
Alreadie is betroth'd to *Balthazar*:
And by appoyntment, and our condiscent,
To morrow are they to be marryed.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers their pleasure, and our peace
Speake men of *Portingale*, shall it be so;
If I, say so: if not, say flatly no;
Vice. Renowmed King, I come not as thou think'st;
With doubtfull followers, vnresolued men,
But such as haue vpon thine Articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.
Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,
Faire *Bel-imperia* with my *Balthazar*,
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see:
Heere take my Crowne, I giue it her and thee:
And let me liue a solitarie life,
In ceaselesse prayers
To thinke how strangely heauen hath thee preserued.
King. See brother see, how Nature striues in him,
Come worthy *Vice-roy*, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more priuate fits this Princely mood.
Vice. Or heere, or where your Higheſſe thinkes it good.

Exeunt all but Cas. and Lor.

Cas. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you,
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kinges?
Lor. I doe my Lord, and ioy to see the same.
Cas. And knowest thou why this meeting is?
Lor. For her my Lord, whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme their promised marriage.
Cas. Shee is thy sister.
Lor. Who *Bel-imperia*? I my gracious Lord,
And this is the day that I haue long'd so happelie to see.
Cas. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,

Should

Should intercept her in her happineſſe.
Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre ſo much.
Caſ. Why then *Lorenzo*, liſten to my wordes:
It is ſuſpected, and reported too,
That thou *Lorenzo* wrongd *Hieronimo*,
And in his ſuites towardes his Maieſtie,
Still keepes him backe, and ſeekes to croſſe his ſute.
Lor. That I my Lord?
Caſ. I tell thee Sonne, my ſelfe haue heard it ſayd,
When (to my ſorrow) I haue been aſhamed
To anſwere for thee, though thou art my Sonne.
Lorenzo, knoweſt thou not the common loue,
And kindneſſe that *Hieronimo* hath wonne
By his deſertes, within the Court of *Spaine*?
Or ſeeſt thou not the K. my brothers care
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, ſhouldſt thou thwart his paſſions,
And he exclayme againſt thee to the King,
What honour were't in this aſſemb'ie,
Or what a ſcandale were't among the Kinges,
To heare *Hieronimo* exclayme on thee?
Tell mee, and looke thou tell me truely too,
Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?
Lor. My Lord, it lyes not in *Lorenzo*'s power,
To ſtop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:
A ſmall aduantage makes a water breach,
And no man liues, that long contenteth all.
Caſ. My ſelfe haue ſeene thee buſie to keepe backe
Him, and his Supplications from the King.
Lor. Your ſelfe my L. haue ſeene his paſſions,
That ill beſeemde the preſence of a King;
And for I pittied him in his diſtreſſe,
I helde him thence with kind and courtuous wordes,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my ſoule, my Lord.
Caſ. *Hieronimo* (my ſonne) miſtakes thee then.
Lor. My gracious father, beleeue me, ſo he doth.

But

But what's a sillie man distract in minde,
To thinke vpon the murder of his sonne?
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction and the worldes,
Twere good my Lord, that *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcild, if he misconster me.

Cast. *Lorenzo*, thou hast sayd, it shall be so,
Goe one of you and call *Hironimo*.

Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.

Bal. Come *Bel-imperia*, *Balthazars* content,
My sorrowes ease, and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine:
Disperse those cloudes and melancholy lookes,
And cleere them vp with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heauens faire beautie lies.

Bel. My lookes my Lord, are fitting for my loue,
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning sunne,

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.
I see my Lord my father.

Bal. Truce my loue, I will goe salute him.

Cast. Welcome *Balthazar*, welcome braue Prince,
The pledge of *Castiles* peace:
And welcome *Bel-imperia*: How now girle?
Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,
We haue forgotten and forgiuen that,
And thou art graced with a happier Loue,
But *Balthazer*, heere comes *Hieronimo*,
Ile haue a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo and a Seruant.

Hiero. And wher's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hiero. Euen so: what new deuice haue they deuised tro?
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
Ist I will be reuengde? no, I am not the man.

Cas.

Caſ. Welcome *Hieronimo.*
Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo.*
Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo.*
Hiero. My Lords, I thanke you for *Horatio.*
Caſ. *Hieronimo*, the reaſon that I ſent
To ſpeake with you, is this.
Hiero. What, ſo ſhort?
Then Ile begon, I thanke you for't.
Caſ. Nay, ſtay *Hieronimo*: goe call him ſonne.
Lor. *Hieronimo*, my father craues a word with you.
Hiero. With me ſir? why my L, I thought you had done,
Lor. No, would he had.
Caſ. *Hiero*, I heare you find your ſelf agreeued at my Son,
Becauſe you haue not acceſſe vnto the King:
And ſay tis hee that intercepts your ſuites.
Hiero. Why, is not this a miſerable thing my Lord?
Caſ. *Hieronimo*, I hope you haue no cauſe,
And would be loth that one of your deſerts,
Should once haue reaſon to ſuſpect my Sonne,
Conſidering how I thinke of you my ſelfe.
Hiero. Your ſonne *Lorenzo*, whome my noble Lord,
The hope o'*Spaine*, mine honorable friend?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his ſword.

Ile meete him face to face to tell me ſo.
Theſe be the ſcandalous reportes of ſuch,
As loues not mee, and hate my Lord too much,
Should I ſuſpect *Lorenzo* would preuent
Or croſſe my ſute, that loued my Sonne ſo well?
My Lord, I am aſhamed it ſhould be ſaid.
Lor. *Hieronimo*, I neuer gaue you cauſe,
Hiero. My good Lord, I know you did not.
Caſ. There pauſe, & for the ſatisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo frequent my homely houſe,
The Duke of Caſtile *Cyprians* ancient ſeate,
And when thou wilt, vſe me, my ſonne, and it:

But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.
Hier. I mary, my Lord and ſhall.
Frindes(quoth he) ſee, Ile be friendes with you all:
Specially with you my louelie Lord,
For diuers cauſes it is fit for vs,
That we be friendes, the world is ſuſpicious,
And men may thinke what we imagaine not.
Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.
Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot.
Hier. What els, it were a ſhame it ſhould not be ſo.
Caſ. Come on *Hieronimo*, at my requeſt,
Let vs entreat your company to day. *Exeunt.*
Hie. Your Lordſhipes to commaund,
Pha: keepe your way.
Mi, chi mi fa? Pui Correzza Che non ſale
Tradito mha otrade vile, *Exit*

Enter Ghoſt and Reuenge.

Ghoſt.

Awake *Erictha*, *Cerberus* awake,
Solicite *Pluto* gentle *Proſerpine*,
To combate *Achiron* and *Erichus* in hell,
For neerd by *Stix*, and *Phlegeton:*
Nor ferried *Caron* to the firie lakes,
Such fearefull ſights, as poore *Andrea* ſees
Reuenge awake.
Reueng. A wake, for why?
Ghoſt. A wake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduiſde,
To ſleepe; away; what? thou art warnde to watch.
Reu. Content thy ſelfe, and do not trouble me.
Ghoſt. Awake *Reuenge*, If loue, as loue hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuailance in hell.
Hieronimo, with *Lorenzo* is ioynde in league,
And intercepts our paſſage to reuenge:
Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe begone.

Reu.

R. Thus wordlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon
Content thy ſelfe *Andrea*, though I ſleepe,
Yet is my mood ſoliciting their ſoules,
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*,
Cannot forget his ſonne *Horatio*.
Nor dies *Reuenge*, although he ſleepe awhile,
For in vnquiet, quietneſſe is found:
And ſlumbring is a common worldlie wiles
Behold *Andrea* for an inſtance, how
Reuenge hath ſlept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be ſubiect to Deſtenie.

Enter a dumme ſhew.

Ghoſt. Awake *Reuenge*, reueale this myſterie.

Reuen. The two firſt, the nuptiall torches beare,
As bright burning as the mid-dayes Sunne:
But after them doth *Himen* hie as faſt,
Clothed in Sable, and a Saffron robe,
And blowes them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As diſcontent that things continue ſo,

Ghoſt. Sufficeth me, thy meaning's vnderſtood,
And thankes to thee, and thoſe infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a Louers woe:
Reſt thee, for I will ſit to ſee the reſt.

Reuen. Then argue not, for thou haſt thy requeſt.

Exeunt

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo.

Bel-imperia.

IS this the loue thou bearſt *Horatio*?
Is this the kindnes that thou counterfeites?
Are theſe the fruites of thine inceſſant teares?
Hieronimo, are theſe thy paſſions,

Thy proteſtations, and thy deepe laments,
that thou wert wont to wearie men withall?
O vnkind Father, O deceitefull worlde,
With what excuſes canſt thou ſhew thy ſelfe?
With what diſhonor, and the hate of men:
From this diſhonor and the hate of men:
Thus to neglect the life and loſſe of him,
Whome both my letters, and thine owne beliefe.
Aſſures thee to be cauſeleſſe ſlaughtered?
Hieronimo, for ſhame *Hieronimo*,
Be not a hiſtory to after times,
Of ſuch ingratitude vnto thy Sonne,
Vnhappie Mother of ſuch children then:
But monſtrous Father, to forget ſo ſoone
The death of thoſe, whome they with care and coſt,
Haue tendred ſo, thus careleſſe ſhould be loſt.
My ſelfe a ſtranger in reſpect of thee,
So loued his life, as ſtill I wiſh their deathes:
Nor ſhall his death be vnreueng'd by me,
Although I beare it out for faſhions ſake,
For heere I weare in ſight of heauen and earth,
Shouldſt thou neglect the loue thou ſhouldſt retaine,
And giue it ouer, and deuiſe no more,
My ſelfe ſhould ſend their hatefull ſoules to hell,
That wrought his downefall with extreameſt death,
Hiero. But may it be that *Bel-imperia*,
Vowes ſuch reuenge as ſhe hath daind to ſay:
Why then I ſee that heauen applies our drift,
And all the Saintes do ſit ſolicuting,
For vengeance on thoſe curſed murtherers.
Madame tis true, and now I finde it ſo,
I found a Letter written in your name,
And in that Letter how *Horatio* dyed,
Pardon, O pardon *Bel-imperia*,
My feare and care in not beleeuing it,
Nor thinke, I thoughtles thinke vpon a meane,
To let his death be vnreuengde at full:

And

And heere I vow, ſo you but giue conſent,
And will conceale my reſolution:
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That cauſeles thus haue murdered my ſonne.
Bal. *Hieronimo*, I will conſent, conceale,
And ought that may effect for thine auaile,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatios* death.
Hie. On then, what ſoeuer I deuiſe,
Let me entreat you grace my practiſes?
For why the plot's already in my head.
Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now, *Hieronimo*, What courting *Belimperia*?
Hie. I, my Lord, ſuch courting, as I promiſe you
She hath my hart, but you my Lord haue hers (helpe.
Lor. But now, *Hieronimo*, or neuer wee are to entreat your
Hie. My help, why my good Lords aſſure your ſelues of me
For you haue giuen me cauſe, I by my faith haue you.
Bal. It pleaſd you at th'entertainment of the Embaſſador
To grace the king ſo much as with a ſhew:
Now were your ſtudie ſo well furniſhed,
As for the paſsing of the firſt nightes ſporte
To entertaine my father with the like:
Or any ſuch like pleaſing motion,
Aſſure your ſelfe it would content them well.
Hier. Is this all?
Bal. I this is all.
Hier. Why then Ile fit you, ſay no more.
When I was young I gaue my minde,
And plide my ſelfe to fruitleſſe Poetrie:
Which though it profite the Profeſſor naught,
Yet is it paſsing pleaſing to the world.
Lor. And how for that?
Hie. Marry, my good Lord, thus.
And yet me thinke you are too quicke with vs.
When in *Toledo*, there I ſtudied,
It was my chance to write a Tragedie:

See heere my Lords, *He ſhewes them a Booke.*
Which long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your Lordſhips ſauour me ſo much,
As but to grace me with your acting it:
I meane, each one of you to play a part,
Aſſure you, it will prooue moſt paſſing ſtrange,
And wonderous plauſible to that aſſembly.
Bal. what? would you haue vs play a Tragedie?
Hier. why, *Nero* thought it no diſparagement:
And Kinges and Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experience of their wittes in playes.
Lor. Nay, be not angrie good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked a queſtion.
Bal. In faith *Hieronimo*, and you be in earneſt,
Ile make one.
Lor. and I, another..
Hier. Now, my good Lord, could you entreat
Your ſiſter *Bel-imperia* to make one,
For whats a play without a woman in't?
Bel. Little entreatie ſhall ſerue me *Hieronimo*,
For I muſt needes be imployed in your play.
Hier. Why this is well, I tell you Lordinges,
It was determined to haue beene acted,
By Gentlemen and Schollers too:
Such as could tell what to ſpeake.
Bal. And now it ſhall be ſaid by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell how to ſpeake:
If as it is our Country maner,
You will but let vs know the Argument.
Hie. That ſhall I roundly. The Chronicles of Spaine,
Record this written of a Knight of Rhodes:
He was betrothed and wedded at the lenght,
To one *Perſeda*, an Italian Dame,
Whoſe beautie rauiſhed all that her beheld,
Eſpecially the ſoule of *Soliman*,
Who at the marriage was the cheeſeſt gueſt:
By ſundry meanes ſought *Soliman* to winne

Perſeda

Perſeda's loue, and could not gaine the ſame:
Then gan he breake his paſſions to a friend,
One of his Baſhawes whom he held full deare,
Her had this Baſhaw long ſolicited,
And ſaw ſhe was not otherwiſe to be wonne,
But by her husbandes death: this Knight of Rhodes,
Whom preſently by treacherie he ſlew.
She ſtirde with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cauſe of this, ſlew *Soliman*:
And to eſcepe the Baſhawes tyrannie.
Did ſtab her ſelfe: and this is the Tragedie.

Lor. O, excelent;

Bel. But ſay, *Hieronimo*, What then became of him
That was the Baſhaw?

Hie. Mary thus: mooued with remorſe of his miſdeedes,
Ran to a mountaine top and hangd himſelfe.

Bal. But which of vs is to performe that part?

Hie. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it.
Ile play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conceited that.

Bal. And what ſhall I?

Hie. Great *Soliman* the Turkiſh Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hie. *Eraſto*, the Knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hie. *Perſeda*, chaſte, and reſolute.
And heere, my Lordes are ſeuerall abſtracts drawne,
For each of you to note your partes,
And act it as occaſion's offered you.
You muſt prouide a Turkiſh cappe,
A blacke muſtacio, and a Fauchion.

Giues a paper to Bal.

You, with a Croſſe, like a Knight of Rhodes.

Giues another to Lor.

And Madame, you muſt attyre your ſelfe

Giues Bel. another.

Like *Phabe*, *Flora*, or the huntreſſe,

Which

Which to your deſcretion ſhall ſeeme beſt,
And as for me my Lords, Ile looke to one,
And with the ranſome that the *Vice-roy* ſent,
So furniſh and performe this Tragedie,
As all the world ſhall ſay *Hieronimo*
Was liberall in gracing of it ſo.
Bal. *Hieronimo*, me thinkes a Comedie were better.
Hie. A Comedie, fie, Comedies are fit for common wits,
But to preſent a Kingly troupe with-all,
Giue me a ſtately written Tragedie,
Tragedia cothurnata, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things,
My Lords, all this muſt be performed,
As fitting for the firſt nights reuelling.
The Italian Tragedians were ſo ſharpe of wit,
That in one hower's meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.
Lor. And well it may, for I haue ſeene the like
In *Paris*, mongſt the French Tragedians.
Hier. in *Paris*, mas and well remembred,
There's one thing more that reſt's for vs to doe.
Bal. Whats that *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing.
Hier. Each one of vs muſt act his part,
In vnknowne languages.
That it may breed the more varietie.
As you, my Lord in Latin: I, in Greeke.
You in Italian: and for becauſe I know
That *Bel-imperia* hath practiſed the French,
In courtly French ſhall all her phraſes be.
Bel. You meane to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*.
Bal. But this will be a meere confuſion,
And hardly ſhall we all be vnderſtood.
Hier. It muſt be ſo, for the concluſion
Shall pooue the inuention, and all was good:
And I my ſelfe in an Oration,
And with a ſtrange and wonderous ſhew beſides,
That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,

Aſſure

Aſſure your ſelfe ſhall make the matter knowen,
And all ſhall be concluded in one Sceane,
For there's no pleaſure tane in teadiouſneſſe.
Bal. How like you this?
Lor. Why thus my Lord, we muſt reſolue
To ſooth his humors vp.
Bal. On then *Hieronimo*; farewell till ſoone.
Hiero. Youle plie this geere?
Lor. I warrant you.

Exeunt all but Hieronimo.

Hie. I, why ſo? Now ſhall I ſee the fall of *Babylon*,
Wrought by the heauens in this confuſion.
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old *Hieronimo*. *Exit.*

Enter Iſabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monſtrous homicides,
Since neither pietie nor pittie mooues
The King to Iuſtice or compaſſion:
I will reuenge my ſelfe vpon this place,
Where they murdered my beloued Sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with theſe branches, and theſe loathſome boughes
Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pine.
Downe with them *Iſabella*, rent them vp,
And burne the rootes from whence the reſt is ſprung.
I will not leaue a roote, a ſtalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a bloſſome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this Garden plot.
Accurſed complot of my miſerie:
Fruiteleſſe for euer may this Garden be,
Barren the earth, and blaſtleſſe whoſoeuer
Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured.
An Eaſterne winde commixt with noyſome ayres,
Shall blaſt the Plants and the young Saplings,
The earth with Serpents ſhall be peſtered,
And paſſengers for feare to be infect,
Shall ſtand a loofe, and looking at it, tell

There murdred, died the ſonne of *Iſabella*,
I, heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace.
See where his Ghoſt ſolicites with his woundes
Reuenge on her that ſhould reuenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haſte to ſee thy ſonne,
For Sorrow and Diſpaire hath cited me,
To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant*:
Make haſte *Hieronimo* to hold excuſde
Thy negligence in purſuite of their deathes,
Whoſe hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doeſt delay their deaths,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble Sonne,
And none but I, beſtirre me to no ende:
And as I curſe this tree from further fruite,
So ſhall my wombe be curſed for his ſake:
And with this weapon will I wound the breſt,
The hapleſſe breſt that gaue *Horatio* ſucke.

She ſtabs her ſelfe.

Enter Hieronimo, he knockes vp the Curtaine,
Enter the Duke of Caſtile.

Caſt. How now *Hieronimo*, where's your fellowes,
That you take all this paine?

Hier. O ſir, it is for the Authors credite,
To looke that all thinges may goe well:
But good my L. let me entreat your Grace,
To giue the King the coppie of the Play:
This is the Argument of what we ſhew.

Caſt. I will *Hieronimo*.

Hier. One thing more my good L.

Caſt. What's that?

Hier. Let me entreat your Grace,
That when the traine are paſt into the Gallerie,
You would vouchſafe to throw me downe the key.

Caſt. I will *Hieronimo*. *Exit Caſt.*

Hier. What are you readie *Balthazar*?
Bring a Chaire and a Cuſhion for the King.

Enter

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well done *Balthazar*, hang vp the Title:
Our Sceane is *Rhodes*: what, is your Beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hie. Diſpatch for ſhame, are you ſo long?

Exit Bal.

Bethinke thy ſelfe *Hieronimo*,
Recall thy wittes, recount thy former wronges
Thou haſt receiued by murder of thy Sonne,
And laſtly, not leaſt, how *Iſabella*,
Once his Mother, and thy deareſt Wife:
All woe-begon for him, hath ſlaine her ſelfe:
Behooues thee then *Hieronimo*, to be reueng'd.
The plot is layde of dire reuenge,
On then *Hieronimo*, purſue reuenge
For nothing wantes, but acting of reuenge.

Exit Hiero.

Enter Spaniſh King, Vice-roy, Duke of Caſtile, and their traine.

King. Now *Vice-roy*, ſhall we ſee the Tragedie
Of *Soliman* the Turkiſh Emperour,
Perfourmde (of pleaſure) by your Sonne, the Prince,
My Nephew, *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece.

Vice. Who, *Bel-imperia?*

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marſhall:
At whoſe requeſt they deine to doo't them ſelues.
Theſe be our paſtimes in the Court of *Spaine*.
Heere boother, you ſhall be the Booke-keeper.
This is the Argument of that they ſhew.

He giues him a Booke.

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo *in ſundry Languages, was thought good to be ſet downe in Engliſh, more largely for the eaſier vnderſtanding to euery publique Reader.*

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo.

Balthazar.

BAſhaw, that *Rhodes* is ours, yeeld heauens the honour,
And holy *Mahomet*, our ſacred Prophet:
And be thou grac't with euerie excellence
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou deſire.
But thy deſert in conquering *Rhodes*, is leſſe
Then in reſeruing this faire Chriſtian Nimph
Perſeda, bliſfull lampe of excellence:
Whoſe eyes compell like powrefull Adamant,
The warlike hart of *Soliman* to waite.

King. See *Vice-roy*, that is *Balthazar* your ſonne,
That repreſents the Emperour *Soliman*:
How well he actes his amourous paſſion.

Vice. I, *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.

Caſtile. That's becauſe his minde runs all on *Bel-imperia*.

Hie. What euer ioy earth yeeldes, beside your Maieſtie.

Bal. Earth yeeldes no ioy, without *Perſeda's* loue.

Hier. Then let *Perſeda* on your Grace attend.

Bal. She ſhall not waight on me, but I on her,
Drawne by the influence of her lightes, I yeeld.
But let my friend the *Rhodian* Knight come forth,
Eraſto, dearer then my life to mee,
That he may ſee *Perſeda* my beloued.

Enter Eraſto.

King. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, looke vpon the plot,
And tell me brother, what part playes he?

Bel. Ah, my *Eraſto*, welcome to *Perſeda*.

Era. Thriſe happie is *Eraſto*, that thou liueſt,
Rhodes loſſe is nothing to *Eraſtoes* ioy,
Sith his *Perſeda* liues, his life ſuruiues.

Bal. Ah *Baſhaw*, heere is loue betwixt *Eraſto*
And faire *Perſeda*, ſoueraigne of my ſoule.

Hiero. Remooue *Eraſto* mightie *Soliman*,
And then *Perſeda* will be quickly wonne.

Bal. *Eraſto* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perſeda neuer will remooue her loue.

Hier. Let

Hier. Let not *Eraſto* liue to grieue great *Soliman.*
Bal. Deare is *Eraſto* in our princely eye.
Hier. But if he be your riuall, let him die.
Bal. Why let him die, ſo loue commaundeth me,
Yet grieue I that *Eraſto* ſhould ſo die.
Hier. *Eraſto, Soliman* ſaluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by mee, his highneſſe will:
Which is, thou ſhouldſt be thus employde.
Stab him.
Bel. Aye me *Eraſto*, ſee *Soliman*, *Eraſto's* ſlaine.
Bal. Yet liueth *Soliman* to comfort thee.
Faire Queene of beautie, let not fauour die,
But with a gratious eye behold his griefe,
That with *Perſedaes* beautie is encreaſt,
If by *Perſedaes* griefe be not releaſt.
Bel. Tyrant, deſiſt ſoliciting vaine ſuites,
Relentleſſe are mine eares to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pittileſſe and baſe,
Which ſeazd on my *Eraſto*, harmeleſſe Knight,
Yet by thy power thou thinkeſt to commaund,
And to thy power *Perſeda* doeth obey:
But were ſhe able, thus ſhe would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince:
Let her ſtab him.
And on her ſelfe, ſhe would be thus reueng'd,
Stab her ſelfe.
King. Well ſayd old Marſhall, this was brauely done.
Hier. But *Bel-imperia* playes *Perſeda* well.
Vice. Were this in earneſt *Bel-imperia*,
You would be better to my ſonne then ſo.
King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo?*
Hier. Mary, this followes for *Hieronimo:*
Heere breake we off our ſundry Languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue:
Happely you thinke, but booteleſſe be your thoughtes
That this is fabulouſly counterfeit,
And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,

To die to day for (faſhioning our Sceane)
The death of *Aiax*, or ſome *Romane* Peere,
And in a minute ſtarting vp againe,
Reuiue to pleaſe to morrowes audience.
No Princes, know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopeleſſe father of a hapleſſe ſonne,
Whoſe tongue is tun'd to tell his lateſt tale,
Not to excuſe groſſe errours in the Play.
I ſee your lookes vrge inſtance of theſe wordes:
Behold the reaſon vrging me to this.

He ſhewes his dead ſonne.

See heere my ſhew, looke on this ſpectacle:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath ende:
Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was ſlaine:
Heere lay my treaſure, heere my treaſure loſt:
Heere lay my bliſſe, and heere my bliſſe bereft:
But hope, hart, treaſure, ioy, and bliſſe,
All fled, failde, dyed; yea all decayde with this.
From foorth theſe woundes came breath that gaue me life:
They murdered me that made theſe fatall markes:
The cauſe was loue, whence grew this mortall hate:
The hate, *Lorenzo* and young *Balthazar*:
The loue, my ſonne to *Bel-imperia*:
But night the couerer of accurſed crimes,
With pitchie ſilence huſht the traytors harmes,
And lent them leaue, for they had forted leaſure,
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
Vpon my ſonne, my deare *Horatio*:
There mercileſſe they butchered vp my Boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell Death:
Hee ſhrikes, I heard, and yet mee thinkes I heare
His diſmall out-crie eccho in the ayre:
With ſooneſt ſpeed I haſted to the noyſe,
Where hanging on a tree I found my Sonne,
Through girt with woundes, and ſlaughtered as you ſee:
And greeued I, (thinke you) at this ſpectacle?
Speake *Portingales*, whoſe loſſe reſembles mine,

If

If thou canst weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*?
Tis like I waile for my *Horatio*.
And you my Lord, whose reconciled sonne,
Marcht in a Net, and thought himselfe vnseene,
And rated me for braine-sicke lunacie,
With God amende, that mad *Hieronimo*,
How can you brooke our Playes Catastrophe?
And heere behold this bloodie Hand-kercher,
Which at *Horatios* death, I (weeping) dipt
Within the riuer of his bleeding woundes:
It as propitious, see I haue reserued,
And neuer hath it left my bloodie hart,
Soliciting remembrance of my Vow:
With these, O these accursed murderers;
Which now performde, my hart is satisfied:
And to this ende, the *Bashaw* I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenzoes* life,
Who therefore was appoynted to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of *Rhodes*,
That I might kill him more conueniently.
So *Vice-roy*, was this *Balthazar* thy sonne,
That *Soliman* which *Bel-imperia*
In person of *Perseda* murdered:
Soly appoynted to that Tragicke part,
That she might slay him that offended her,
Poore *Bel-imperia* mist her part in this,
For though the Storie sayth she should haue dyed,
Yet I of kindnesse and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end.
But loue of him, whom they did hate too much,
Did vrge her resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold *Hieronimo*
Author and Actor in this Tragedie!
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist,
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the Actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I ende my Play,

Vrge

Vrge no more words, I haue no more to ſay.
Hee runs to hang himſelfe.

King. O hearken *Vice-roy*, hold *Hieronimo*.
Brother, my Nephew and thy Sonne are ſlaine.
Vice. We are betrayde, my *Balthazar* is ſlaine.
Breake ope the doores; run, ſaue *Hieronimo*.
They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.
Hieronimo, doe but informe the King of theſe euentes,
Vpon mine honour thou ſhalt haue no harme.
Hier. Vice-roy, I will not truſt thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne: (die.
Accurſed wretch, why ſtay'ſt thou him that was reſolud to
Kin. Speake traitor, damned bloody murderer ſpeake,
For now I haue thee, I will make thee ſpeake:
Why haſt thou done this vndeſeruing deed?
Vice. Why haſt thou murdered my *Balthazar*?
Caſt. Why haſt thou butchered both my children thus?
Hier. But are you ſure they are dead?
Caſt. I ſlaine, too ſure.
Hier. What, and yours too?
Vice. I, all are dead; not one of them ſurviue.
Hier. Nay, then I care not: come, and we ſhall be friends
Let vs lay our heades together:
See, heere's a goodly noose will hold them all.
Vice. O damned Deuill, how ſecure he is.
Hier. Secure, why doeſt thou wonder at it?
I tell thee *Vice-roy*, this day I haue ſeene reueng'd,
And in that fight, am growne a prouder Monarch,
Then euer ſate vnder the Crowne of *Spaine*:
Had I as many liues as there be Starres,
As many Heauens to go to, as thoſe liues,
Ide giue them all, I and my ſoule to boote,
But I would ſee thee ride in this red poole.
Caſt. Speake, Who were thy confederates in this?
Vice. That was thy daughter *Bel-imperia*,
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was ſlaine.

I ſaw.

I ſaw her ſtab him.

Hier. O good wordes: as deare to me was my *Horatio*
As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you.
My guiltleſſe Sonne was by *Lorenzo* ſlaine,
And by *Lorenzo*, and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at laſt reuenged thorowly.
Vpon whoſe ſoules may Heauens be yet reuenged
With greater farre, then theſe afflictions.
Mee thinkes ſince I grew inward with *Reuenge*,
I can not looke with ſcorne enough on Death.

King. What, doſt thou mocke vs ſlaue, bring torturs forth.

Hier. Doe, doe, doe; and meane time Ile torture you:
You had a Sonne (as I take it) and your Sonne
Should ha'e been married to your daughter? ha, waſt not ſo?
You had a Sonne too, hee was my Lieges Nephew:
Hee was proud and politicke: had hee liued,
Hee might a come to weare the Crowne of *Spaine*.
I thinke twas ſo: twas I that killed him,
Looke you, this ſame hand, twas it that ſtab'd
His hart, doe ye ſee this hand,
For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him?
A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers Garden?
One that did force your valiant Sonne to yeelde,
While your more valiant Sonne did take him priſoner.

Vice. Be deafe my ſences, I can heare no more.

King. Fall heauen, and couer vs with thy ſad ruines.

Caſt. Rowle all the world within thy pitchie cloud.

Hier. Now do I applaud what I haue acted,

Nunck mers cada manus.

Now to expreſſe the rupture of my part,
Firſt take my tongue, and afterward my hart.

He bites out his tongue.

King. O monſterous reſolution of a wretch,
See *Vice-roy*, he hath bitten foorth his tongue,
Rather then to reueale what we requirde.

Caſt. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he ſatisfie vs not,
We will deuiſe th'extreameſt kind of death
That euer was inuented for a wretch.
He makes ſignes for a knife to mende his pen.
Ceſt. O, he would haue a knife to mende his pen,
Vice. Heere, and acuiſe thee that thou write the troth.
Looke to my brother, ſaue *Hieronimo.*
He with the knife ſtabs the Duke and himſelfe.
King. What age hath euer heard ſuch monſtrous deedes?
My Brother, and the whole ſucceeding hope,
That *Spaine* expected, after my diſceaſe.
Goe beare his bodie hence, that we may mourne
The loſſe of our beloued brothers death,
That he may be intomb'd what ere befall,
I am the next, the neareſt laſt of all.
Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for vs,
Take vp our haples ſonne, vntimelie ſlaine:
Set me with him, and he with wofull mee,
Vpon the maine maſt of a Ship vnmand,
And let the winde and tide hale me along
To *Sillas* barking and vntamed grieſes:
Or to the lothſome poole of *Acheron*,
To weepe my want for my ſweete *Balthazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a *Portingale.* *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets ſound a dead March, the King of Spaine mourning after his brothers body, and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his ſonne.

Enter Ghoſt and Reuenge.

Ghoſt.

I, now my hopes haue ende in their effectes,
When blood and ſorrow finiſh my deſires:
Horatio murdered in his fathers Bower,
Vile *Serberine* by *Pedringano* ſlaine:
Falſe *Pedringano* hang'd by quaint deuice,

Faire

Faire *Iſabella* by her ſelfe miſdone,
Prince *Balthazar* by *Bel-imperia* ſtab'd,
The Duke of *Caſtile* and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by olde *Hieronimo*:
My *Bel-imperia* falne as *Dido* fell,
And good *Hieronimo* ſlaine by himſelfe:
I, theſe were ſpectacles to pleaſe my ſoule.
Now will I begge at louely *Proſerpine*,
That by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may conſort my friendes in pleaſing ſort,
And on my foes worke iuſt and ſharpe reuenge.
Ile lead my friend *Horatio* through thoſe fieldes
Where neuer dying warres are ſtill inurde.
Ile lead faire *Iſabella* to that traine,
Where Pittie weepes, but neuer feeleth paine.
Ile lead my *Bel-imperia* to thoſe ioyes,
That veſtall Virgins, and faire Queenes poſſeſſe.
Ile lead *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* playes,
Adding ſweete pleaſure to eternall dayes.
But ſay *Reuenge*, for thou muſt helpe, or none,
Againſt the reſt, how ſhall my hate be ſhowne?

Reuenge.

This hand ſhall hale them downe to deepeſt hell,
Where nought but Furies, Bugs, and Tortures dwell.

Ghoſt.

Then ſweete *Reuenge*, do this at my requeſt,
Let me be iudge, and doome them to vnreſt:
Let looſe poore *Titius* from the *Vultures* gripe,
And let *Don Ciprian* ſupply his roome,
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* wheele,
And let the Louers endles paine surceaſe:
Iuno forgets old Wrath, and graunts him eaſe.
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimeras* necke,
And let him there bewaile his bloodie loue,
Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.
Let *Serberine* goe rowle the fatall Stone,

And take from *Sicipus* his endleſſe mone,
Falſe *Pedringano* for his treacherie,
Let him be dragde through boyling *Acheron*,
And there liue dying ſtill in endles flames,
Blaſpheming Gods, and all their holy names.

Reuenge.

Then haſte we downe to meete thy friends and foes,
To place thy friendes in eaſe, the reſt in woes:
For heere though Death hath end their miſerie,
Ile there begin their endleſſe Tragedie. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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